



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

76th Year

18 NOVEMBER 1977

3,947

America	1343, 1348
Asia	1349
Biography & Memoirs	1340, 1344, 1347
Fiction	1341
History	1342, 1356
Literature	1345-6, 1351-2, 1354-5, 1357
Politics	1338-9

Dan Abse: <i>Collected Poems 1948-1976</i>	1355
Sydney Anglo (Editor): <i>The Damned Art</i>	1342
Par Barr: <i>Tuning the Jungle</i>	1349
Harold Bloom: <i>Wallace Stevens</i>	1345
Charles Burkhart: <i>Herman and Nancy and Ivy</i>	1340
Jack Carey: <i>Woods and Mirrors</i>	1354
Lydia Chukovskaya: <i>Zapiski ob Anne Akhmatovoy</i>	1351
Conservation et reproduction des manuscrits et imprimés anciens	1358
Marcus Cumberlege: <i>Firelines</i>	1354
O. A. W. Dilke: <i>Roman Books and their Impact</i>	1361
David Hackes Fysher: <i>Growing Old in America</i>	1343
Emilio Gubba: <i>Republican Rome, the Army and the Allies</i>	1361
Alan Gauld and John Shutter: <i>Human Action and its Psychological Investigation</i>	1360
Michael Hartnett: <i>Poems in English</i>	1351
Brooke Hayward: <i>Hapwire</i>	1340

Gavin Henderson (Editor): <i>Augustus Hare in Italy</i>	1317
Peggy Hickman: <i>A Jane Austen Household Book</i>	1314
Patrick Howarth: <i>When the Riviera was Ours</i>	1352
Joseph F. Kett: <i>Rites of Passage at the White House</i>	1343
George U. Kistiakowsky: <i>A Scientist in the White House</i>	1348
Walter Laqueur: <i>Terrorism</i>	1338
Rosa Levine-Meyer: <i>Inside German Communism</i>	1339
Margaret Llewelyn: <i>Jane Austen</i>	1314
Standish McChuan: <i>A Life Apart</i>	1356
H. Messel and S. T. Butler (Editors): <i>Focus on the Stars</i>	1348
Colin Middleton Murry: <i>Shadows on the Grass</i>	1352
J. C. O'Flaherty, T. F. Sellner, R. M. Helm (Editors): <i>Studies in Nietzsche and the Classical Tradition</i>	1316
Walter Probyn: <i>Angel Face</i>	1340
Peter Redgrave: <i>From Every Chink of the Ark</i>	1355
Edwin O. Reischauer: <i>The Japanese</i>	1349

William St Clair: <i>Treachery</i>	1341
Margaret Fox Schmidt: <i>Passion's Child</i>	1347
Robert Schuler and Eric S. Rabkin: <i>Science Fiction</i>	1357
James Schuyler: <i>The Home Book</i>	1354
Peter Scupham: <i>The Hinterland</i>	1354
Russell Targ and Harold Puthoff: <i>Mind-Reach</i>	1360
David Vincent (Editor): <i>Testaments of Radicalism</i>	1356
Dara Wier: <i>Blood, Hook & Eye</i>	1354
Paul Wilkinson: <i>Terrorism and the Liberal State</i>	1338
Theodore Ziolkowski: <i>Disenchanted Images</i>	1355

FICTION

Joe Ashton: <i>Grass Roots</i>	1343
Edward Lucia-Smith: <i>The Dark Pageant</i>	1341
P. G. Wodehouse: <i>Sunset at Blandings</i>	1344

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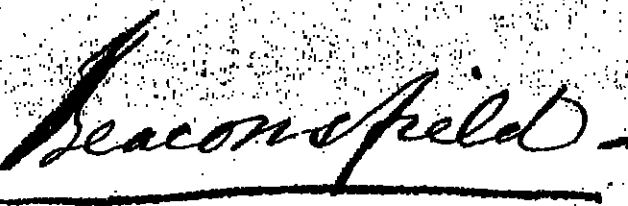
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TLS

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 25 NOVEMBER 1977 • No 3,948 • 25p

Art: From East to West, from West to East

Christopher Ricks on critical misquotations

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Serbia; New York art-dealing; Darwin as naturalist

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From East to West and West to East

By Michael Sullivan

CITISABUROU F. YAMADA (Editor): *Dialogue in Art: Japan and the West*. 334pp. A. Zwemmer. £25.

FRANK WHITFORD: *Japanese Prints and Western Painters*. 264pp. Studio Vista. £12.50.

The century of the Meiji Restoration in 1868 gave Japan the appropriate occasion to look back on a hundred years of Western cultural penetration. One of the best assessments of this extraordinary century that we have seen so far is *Dialogue in Art* which grew out of discussions and exchanges that were held between a number of art-historians and critics in Paris in the summer of 1967 to plan an exhibition that was to reveal the nature of the interchange. In the following year an International Round Table was held in Tokyo and Kyoto to coincide with the opening of the great Meiji art exhibition at the National Museum: its proceedings were published by Unesco (Tokyo, 1969). Together these two books present a fascinating and frank analysis of the effects of the East-West interaction in so far as it covers Japan and the West. *Dialogue in Art*, sumptuous as it is, is therefore no more than a tribute to international understanding or cultural synthesis, but a serious attempt to weigh up the fruits, good and ill, of what must be regarded as one of the most important and far-reaching cultural confrontations in modern world history.

The culture-exporting countries of the West can have little idea of what it means to be on the receiving end, to be forced to reject one's heritage in order to find a place in the modern world, to go through the crisis of imitation and self-doubt that has affected all the countries of Asia. Reading *Dialogue in Art* and the Round Table discussions is a salutary experience for the Western reader who must be struck by their total lack of rancour. The time for such an assessment is ripe, for a chapter has closed, and never again will Japan accept with such unbridled humility what the West thrusts upon her. Never again will the guideline for Japanese architects run—to take a typical statement quoted by Teijiro Muramatsu

in his "Ventures into Western Architecture": "The height of Meiji-period Westernization: 'Excellent architecture is closely related to Western architecture, but even more excellent architecture is that which is in the British style'; not just because British architecture is an inspiration to us now, but because the attitude of the Japanese has changed from one of an eager, unthinking acceptance to a much more critical evaluation of Western culture."

The remarkable change in Japanese attitudes could indeed be illustrated in architecture alone. The dominating influence in nineteenth-century Japan was in fact English, in the person of Josiah Conder who arrived in Tokyo exactly a hundred years ago. Conder was probably the first Westerner seriously to study Japanese architecture, but he seems to have learnt none of its lessons, for he obliged his craftsmen to abandon their traditional skills and learn to build in brick and stone, or to imitate these new materials in plaster. He admittedly thought that Oriental styles were more appropriate for Japan than Western ones, and so he designed the Imperial Museum in the Saracenic style.

Hard as we try, it is impossible to look on European influence on Meiji-period architecture—and on that of nineteenth-century China, for that matter—as anything but a disaster. Not until the introduction of steel and ferro-concrete were the Japanese able to put into practice what they had known all along and Conder and his pupils had quite failed to grasp: that the essence of the Sino-Japanese building technique is not the curved roof, beautiful as it is, but the timber frame which is easily translated into steel and concrete—a lesson that Chinese architects with few exceptions, such as I. M. Pei in New York and Wang Dahong in Taiwan, have still not learnt preferring to cap a concrete building with an imitation traditional roof, as in the National Palace Museum in Taipei, or to avoid the challenge altogether.

Any book that deals with the East-West interaction in the arts must raise the question of what is accepted, what rejected, and why. Teijiro Muramatsu notes—and this shows light on just how these cross-cultural influences work—that young Japanese architects in 1920s were excited, not by Frank

Lloyd Wright who had already gone half way to meet them, but by his assistant Antoine Raymond, a disciple of Le Corbusier and Auguste Perret, and an exponent of what they called *Kenchiku higekitawon*, "the non-aesthetic theory of architecture" which proclaimed the rationality of the new building techniques. These men, rejecting like many modern Japanese, the traditional, aesthetic, intuitive approach to art and life, were fascinated by Western science and logic.

China reacted in much the same way. When Rabindranath Tagore visited Peking University at the invitation of Dr Tsai Yuan-p'ei, his message of transcendental wisdom fell on deaf, not to say hostile ears, while Bertrand Russell and John Dewey were heard with rapt attention. Ask a Chinese today, not what Western painters he admired most and he would answer, not Corot or Gainsborough, whose landscapes might be said to have some remote affinity with his own, but Michelangelo and Raphael; what artists he loved and he would name Debussy and Ravel, but Beethoven and Schubert—not just because these are big names, but because they could do what the Chinese could not: employ perspective and chiaroscuro, so that form and plot phony. When the Jesuits brought European art to China, it was not the landscapes that were admired, but the Muscovite frescoes in the cathedral in Peking painted by an obscure expert in perspective, Ghendini, who had come to Peking at the special request of the Kang-hsi Emperor.

The moral is that a culture, provided it is given the choice, will take what it needs, and little else. The tragedy for Japan was that in her humility she thought that Saracenic museums and muddy oil-paintings were compulsory because they were part of the total package that she had to buy to break into the modern world. The second tragedy was that the second generation, the impressionists, would have been as much influenced by Degas and Monet's *Japanisme* as by the prints themselves. The Japanese were very quickly learnt. The apparent Japanese-ness may not even be Oriental at all. Gordon Washburn tells of a Japanese visitor in Franz Kline's studio exclaiming on the Japanese influence on his boldly stroked images. "But that is not true, is it?" a

friend present whispered to him. "No," Kline replied, "but he is happy to believe it. Look at the Japanese artist, he is like a child, he is like a child, he is like a child." The Japanese have always tended to keep the different facets of

layers of their culture in separate compartments. Shintoism and Confucianism, the chrysanthemum and the sword. As Professor Yamada makes clear in his remarks at the symposium, things that in other cultures would conflict, in Japan simply coexist, without having to come to terms with each other. There has been in the past at any rate little debate as to how they might be integrated, because they are not subsumed under an all-embracing philosophical view. It is precisely because the Chinese have such a world view that the impact of Western culture has been much more strongly resisted, except in so far as Western science and technology brought purely material benefits. The response of the Chinese has been more complex because they could not just stop thinking and ape the West, or switch from one set of values to the other, but must bring Western culture against their own at every point, and look in their own tradition for a Chinese expression of what the West was offering. When, recently, Chinese artists abroad encountered Abstract Expressionism, they had to see it in terms of Taoism and the calligraphic tradition before it could have any meaning for them, and I have even heard of a Hong Kong painter as an expression of the yin-yang dialectic.

The assault of the West on Chinese culture however did indeed produce something of a crisis of identity in the years between 1900 and 1949, although China's self-confidence was not fully restored, as the beginning of the great dynasties of the past. In Japan, the note of self-assertion, prompted by her economic dominance over her old Western antagonists, has been more recent. But the pages of *Dialogue in Art* are enlivened by an easy, even humorous, weighing-up of Western civilization, very different from the old aggressive-humble ambivalence, that is a delight to read. Chisaburo Yamada writes in his introduction, for instance:

In the last hundred years, Japanese art has been fundamentally influenced by European art and culture. But now the relevance of the European world-view towards Japan is being reassessed. Models are in order. We will be examining the concrete progress of dialogue in the various arts, but just now I would like to mention a personal doubt. It is said that Japan is putting up a flamboyant show of economic growth and putting pressure on the American economy. If the opposite were true, what would the Japanese reaction be? Judging from the attitude we showed when Admiral Perry's Black Ship shattered Japanese isolation, I think the Japanese would naturally turn to self-reflection. If, on the other hand, Americans or Europeans were to come under Japanese economic pressures, they would blame us. They would call Japanese unfair competitors or excessively hard workers [laughter]. As long as these attitudes prevail, the Japanese will be rather pessimistic about the possibility of promoting interchange in the arts or cultural exchanges in the narrower sense [laughter].

Now, Japan was fascinated by Western logic. Now, Professor Yamada says, Europeans and Americans are trying to free themselves from its logic. "It might be said," he remarks, "that the time is ripe, for us, to teach them to lay down their past." The boot is on the other foot with a vengeance. The Japanese can even afford to be a little patronizing about our flirtation with our "so-called Zen," as one tells it, and Noh drama. Just to rub it in, Yamada comments that what makes us receptive to Japanese art is not so much a new humility as this past as the degradation of European culture. "He could well be right," but we might reply that, if disintegration produces works of such purity and austerity as Curlew River, a little disintegration is not such a bad thing.

Equally refreshing in *Dialogue in Art* is the small amount of space devoted to discussion of cultural synthesis. Only Chisaburo Yamada describes Japan's contribution to contemporary art, takes the superficial view and expresses it rather clumsily, when he writes: "The period between 1900 and 1949 has not been a period of creative change but one of oddity of investigating methodologies, and the conclusion that 'the great prospect that

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layers of their culture in separate compartments. Shintoism and Confucianism, the chrysanthemum and the sword. As Professor Yamada makes clear in his remarks at the symposium, things that in other cultures would conflict, in Japan simply coexist, without having to come to terms with each other. There has been in the past at any rate little debate as to how they might be integrated, because they are not subsumed under an all-embracing philosophical view. It is precisely because the Chinese have such a world view that the impact of Western culture has been much more strongly resisted, except in so far as Western science and technology brought purely material benefits. The response of the Chinese has been more complex because they could not just stop thinking and ape the West, or switch from one set of values to the other, but must bring Western culture against their own at every point, and look in their own tradition for a Chinese expression of what the West was offering. When, recently, Chinese artists abroad encountered Abstract Expressionism, they had to see it in terms of Taoism and the calligraphic tradition before it could have any meaning for them, and I have even heard of a Hong Kong painter as an expression of the yin-yang dialectic.

now opens before the world is no longer, then, that of reciprocal exchange, but of absolute unity and enquiry"—a belief that Gordon Washburn in "A Dissenting View" treats with polite and well-deserved scepticism.

That of course does not mean that there has been no meeting at all. Several contributors make the obvious point that as Japan and the West come to share their technology, their styles of living become more alike, and so do their arts. As Mr Argan puts it:

If we line up Coca-Cola bottles or snapshots of Marilyn Monroe as Andy Warhol did, we call it "American", but it is simplistic to think that lining up bottles of a young geisha and sake bottles is "Japanese". This kind of characterization has almost no meaning in this day and age. In fact for Japan's younger generation, Monroe and Coke are probably far more a part of everyday life than geisha or sake.

Teijiro Muramatsu strikes a similar chord when he asserts that today Japanese cultural and social patterns are closer to those of the West than to those of neighbouring Asian countries. But does this lead to that "absolute unity of enquiry"?

What makes this situation so alarming is the fact that the Chinese are masters in the very realm in which such a dialogue can best be conducted: the realm of pure human intercourse and feeling. Trained down the centuries to modulate the expression of his true feelings in the interests of public duty or social pressure, the Chinese, through letters, poems, paintings, the exchange of unspoken thoughts and the most delicate nuances of courtesy, kept alive a network of friendships that ran like an incredibly complex electric circuit beneath the opaque surface of traditional society. An English visitor in Peking once remarked, "They say it is impossible to be friends with the Chinese, but not with a Chinese". I knew he was wrong; but I denied this too hastily, for the visitor to China today, visiting trying to strike up friendships, is powdered at every turn. "Car, we blame him! If he becomes indifferent? Distance does not lend enchantment to the view."

Why should art not make such a distinction? When world culture has become homogenized the East-West dialogue will cease, and we will all be the poorer. For it is precisely the dialogue that is productive. As William Malin put it at the Round Table discussions,

In art today, rather than worrying about the synthesis I'd rather see people learn to speak different languages for what they are worth. It is never a good idea to mix French and English together. It is better to speak both and understand the syntax of each and enjoy the particular qualities of each.

The problem, however, is not just that of reconciling two cultures, but of reconciling past and present within a single culture. On this



Kunisada's memorial portrait of Hiroshige, reproduced in Japanese Prints and Western Painters, reviewed here.

that Argan speaks of? Beneath the obvious similarities lie deeper layers of tradition, sensibility, feeling, on both sides, that are not so easily fused.

Takashima Shijo, in "New Directions in Japanese Art," claims that this fusion is already taking place in the literal sense of "feeling". He describes the efforts of recent Japanese artists to use physical stimuli, such as the little electric shocks that the viewer gets from poking his fingers into Ayo's "Finger Box" as "an attempt to establish a common wealth of human experience through the primitive sensations known to all persons"—and, we might add, if disintegration produces works of such purity and austerity as Curlew River, a little disintegration is not such a bad thing.

Equally refreshing in *Dialogue in Art* is the small amount of space devoted to discussion of cultural synthesis. Only Chisaburo Yamada describes Japan's contribution to contemporary art, takes the superficial view and expresses it rather clumsily, when he writes: "The period between 1900 and 1949 has not been a period of creative change but one of oddity of investigating methodologies, and the conclusion that 'the great prospect that

measure it? Has any culture before modern times, indeed, ever engaged in such a self-examination? It seems doubtful. Nevertheless, the lack of a strong philosophical tradition in Japan comparable with those of China and the Mediterranean world has certainly made it harder for Japanese thinkers today to assess the effects of the Western impact.

Yet such a book as *Dialogue in Art* could have been made nowhere but in Japan. China is too proudly wrapped up in herself to allow her values to be questioned, and supremely uninterested in influencing the barbarians, except to the extent that it affects her national security. Nor could such a book have been written in Europe, so recently emerged from her long imperial responsibilities, old allegiances and ties of sentiment are gone, and nothing has taken their place. Britain's imagination, however, has been cold. Who in Britain really cares about Asia any more? Only a handful; and the loss is ours.

As Clay Lancaster points out in his contribution to the Tokyo symposium, it is the United States that first drew Japan into international intercourse. The Pacific War damaged but did not destroy that special relationship, partly at least owing to the humanity of the Occupation. Yet apart from the influence of Japanese architecture, which began as early as the 1870s and was so well assimilated, particularly in California, that one is hardly aware of its source, America has barely felt the impact of the Orient. It was not the message of the East that stirred their youth against the sacred "American way of life", but revulsion against its gross materialism and the outrage of Vietnam and Cambodia.

If it is Japan's self-confidence that enables her to engage in a dialogue with the West on equal terms, we may hope that the crisis in self-confidence now being experienced by the West will enable us to take part in that dialogue as equals too. It will be a new experience for us. And when it is going to place her in this dialogue? It is not enough that trade and technological exchange are carried on, or that a few privileged visitors are shown the sights. Since the doors are slammed shut in 1949, the Chinese authorities have never bothered to explain or justify such contacts as they permit their citizens to have with the outside world. Is China's new self-confidence, so ardently expressed, vulnerable after all?

What makes this situation so alarming is the fact that the Chinese are masters in the very realm in which such a dialogue can best be conducted: the realm of pure human intercourse and feeling. Trained down the centuries to modulate the expression of his true feelings in the interests of public duty or social pressure, the Chinese, through letters, poems, paintings, the exchange of unspoken thoughts and the most delicate nuances of courtesy, kept alive a network of friendships that ran like an incredibly complex electric circuit beneath the opaque surface of traditional society. An English visitor in Peking once remarked, "They say it is impossible to be friends with the Chinese, but not with a Chinese". I knew he was wrong; but I denied this too hastily, for the visitor to China today, visiting trying to strike up friendships, is powdered at every turn. "Car, we blame him! If he becomes indifferent? Distance does not lend enchantment to the view."

Yet such a condition cannot last for ever. The great Jesuit missionary Matteo Ricci had many intimate friends among the late Ming literati, whose world outlook was utterly remote from his own. But there were no barriers to their understanding and a mutual enriching of mind and heart. Anyone who has the privilege, to pursue the crude simile, of being "connected up" to one of the circuits I speak of, through friends or family or both, shares human experience, at many levels, such as is rare in the West, rarer still in Japan. Even to speak of this while the Chinese authorities make personal contact so difficult might seem futile. But it is precisely such friendships, however stretched the thread may be now, must live for the day when the doors are open and the current flows freely again. For then the dialogue between East and West will take on an altogether richer and deeper meaning.

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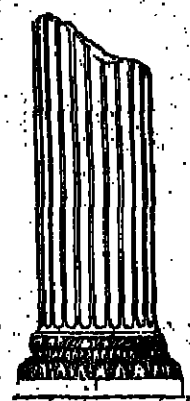
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Love among the artists

By Alan Ross

MICHAEL WISHART:
High Diver
208pp. Blond and Briggs. 17.95.

Michael Wishart seems to be forty-nine—though he is fairly vague and confusing about chronology: had his first show of paintings when he was sixteen and has had numerous exhibitions since, mainly in the Redfern. The only example of his work in this autobiographical volume is a painting called "Straits of Gibraltar" (1976). The background is a monkey, a lot to be said for a monkey, painted in a manner somewhere between Arthur Boyd and Dennis Wirth-Miller and the animal in the foreground, holding a fan—which I monkey—over a lot to be said for a monkey. There is a few and whimsical element in Wishart's painting, a rather overblown romanticism which probably more than anything else has prevented him from making a greater mark than he has done.

Why should one be interested in his life, which is reconstructed in this book in a disorganized, often amateurish and naïve fashion, full of careless repetitions, clumsy phrases and idiotic paragraphs that read like extracts from "Jennifer's Diary"?

Aty took us to drinks with a film actor, Van Johnson, who had a beautiful wife. They were staying at Eden Roc. Aly's other guests included Ivan Foxwell and his beautiful wife Lady Edith, and Liz Whitney, who frequently telephoned to one of her racehorses in America who was recovering from an operation for cancer.

We are told several times, twice in successive paragraphs, that David Tennant owned the Gargoyle—"a remarkable combination of beauty, intelligence and wit... he flew his own aeroplane. It is and that later the brandy bottle became his joy." Aly's other guests included Victor Brauner had an eye put out by his fellow surrealist, the elephantine and sadomasochistic Spaniard Oscar Dominguez, who is reported as having thrown Maria-Laura de Noailles into the "filthy oily waters" of the port, and St. Tropez when he was drunk. Drink and drugs play a large part in these memoirs. There are, too, several errors of fact and pointless banalities: "As with most things, I think Algerian food is best when simplest."

And yet, with all its faults, this is a rewarding, readable and odd moving book. For a start, the cast list is added with the great, the glorious, the talented and the beautiful: Aragon, Francis Bacon, Christian Bérard, Caroline Blackwood, Roy Campbell, Cecil Connolly, Anne Dunn (to whom the author was married for ten years), Margot Fonteyn, Lucien Freud, David Gascoyne, Giacometti, Peggy Guggenheim, Augustus John, Nijinsky,

Nureyev, Tabitha Getty, Barbara Skelton, Graham Sutherland, Tollerichew, Peter Watson among others. None of these is for a start, about most of them Wishart has something new or relevant to say, and to several of them, for a period, Wishart was genuinely close.

His own background is not without genetic interest. If he were a yearling coming up at the Newmarket sales he would look good in the catalogue, "related to several winners". His father, the son of Colonel Wishart, "one of H.M. George V's Lieutenants for the City of London, and a sheriff" founded the publishing house of Wishart and Co. which brought out in 1925 the excellent literary periodical *The Calendar of Modern Letters* (edited by Edgell Rickword) but later acquired the defunct firm of Martin Lawrence and became exclusively political. His mother, the artist and youngest child of an "almost legendary" doctor, had two equally striking sisters, one of whom married Roy Campbell and the other Edgell. Two of his cousins married Lucien Freud and Laurie Lee. Wishart adds, a sentence that might have been more accurately constructed.

Wishart was born when his mother was only seventeen and it was not long before she took off, for an unspecified period. A lonely child, he was sent first in a dame school and then to a boarding school. For two years Wishart in uniform "Our Father Wishart in Heaven. Hello! It be thy name"—then to a council school where he was bullied. (In the holidays from this school he seduced a German POW. I have never since experienced physical desire comparable to that which I felt for the German POW, a love which the improbability of the situation merely intensified.) He went to Bedales where he was coached at tennis by Kay Summers and where Thom Gunn was a fellow pupil. He enrolled subsequently at the Central School of Art, having discovered an early facility for painting, and ended up at the Anglo-French School in St. John's Wood: "It was here that I met a young man Adrian Morris who, unknown to the public, is unhappily developing into a very original artist indeed. I know of no other painter of my age whose work is more likely to interest posterity."

There followed a short stay with the Roy Campbells—about Roy Campbell Wishart is both affectionate and revealing—and then it is off to Paris. Here he stayed with Lucien Freud, who drew him, met the poet Olivier Lacombe, André Malraux, Bérard, Marie-Laure de Noailles, the dancer Jean Babilée, and, perhaps disastrously, Peter Watson, the rich, much-loved proprietor of *Horizon*, art-collector and generous supporter of many art enterprises. Through Watson Wishart became hopelessly involved with the great love of Watson's life, Dénham Fouts, a nocturnal American from Jacksonville, Florida, already irreverently on the road to his death from a combination of cancer, heroin, vodka, and drink. The weeks that followed their meeting at which Fouts inflated Wishart into some of his habits—were an exquisite torture, ended only by sudden separation and a



Two months later by Fouts's death. This tragic episode is perceptively and vividly described.

It seemed to me that [Dénham] was committing suicide in slow motion, savouring it, enjoying a unique *joie de mourir*, mocking the threat of maturity as a fearless fighter pilot dives into a bank of black cloud, paying no attention to his instruments. Anything that gave him a feeling of being in the grave... appeared to him.

Back in London Wishart became friendly with Francis Bacon: "I enjoyed watching Francis make up his face. He applied the basic foundation with lightning dexterity born of long practice. He was more careful, even sparing, with the rouge. For his hair he had a selection of Kwik Boon polish in various browns. He blended these on the back of his hand, selecting a tone appropriate for the particular evening, and brushed them through his abundant hair with a shoe brush. He polished his teeth with Vim."

Bacon sent Wishart an emerald ring to deliver to Anne Dunn, daughter of the millionaire Sir James Dunn, by his second marriage to Irene, Marchioness of Queensberry. In no time at all they were

married, setting up their respective ensembles in Paris, St. Tropez, London, Nice, Venice, Algiers and Vienna. A son was born. They had guests such as the Connollys, Francis Wyndham, David Gascoyne, visited Aly Khan, who confided his problems of premature ejaculation, met Nancy Cunard, Ureia Elie, Maxwell among others. Then the blow falls: "The realisation that Anne had a lover came as the severest shock I have experienced. She was the only person whose fidelity I never doubted."

The ensuing weeks of grief and drinking led to the public word of a hospital in Paris, where Wishart was treated for DT's with paraldehyde, and thence to what he calls an asylum for aversion therapy: "In that clinic I think I saw something like Hell, such was the concentration of anguish, unreason and despair. Four weeks later he left, physically fit but demoralized, obliged to embark on the routine of an unwished-for divorce: 'I was increasingly aware of Anne's impudent longing for a renewal of happiness in which I had absolutely no part.'"

Eventually, after further unhappiness, painting and a short interlude with Barbara Skelton, whose descriptions of the period and its characters in short stories and a

novel got her publisher into a bit of trouble, there developed a situation for a young man as Nicky. "For years I could not sacrifice a limb rather than his presence. Nicky was painting, and decorator, and his work grew in direct ratio to my overdrive."

Two years, and many trips, France, London, Venice and St. Tropez, later, Nicky departs America: "One of the saddest about homosexuality is that my friends are seldom the person." There is a reunion, it does not last. After several unhappy years the author fades: "Falling out of love is most thrilling emotion I have experienced. Perhaps leaving after a four-year sentence left good."

Michael Wishart is a more than three when the book ends. What has written of those years is a self-indulgent, sometimes sappy, equally often affecting and compelling. There are some fascinating, unfamiliar photographs of his characters, and a great many others, including paintings and drawings. The book is like a collage of the author's life.

ground of fast living, controversial marriages, divorces and squabbles. In essence, the book is a blend of the financial pages of the *Financial Times* and the *Observer*. It is a book of the author's life, a book of the author's life, a book of the author's life.

Onassis also had an almost pathological optimism, which fortified him in his tanker operations, a realism of business in which, as the authors show, a shift in the market could turn a profitable voyage into a disastrous one overnight. In times of war Onassis was lucky. The Allied victory in 1945 left him free to operate the ships that Sweden had immobilized, while his rivals had seen their fleets sunk. His ships were seized from American oil companies whose Saudi Arabian trade he had tried to steal overnight, the closing of the Canal enabled him to charge exorbitant rates for his idle, mortgaged tonnage.

He had a rare gift for extracting himself from trouble. The American government, suspecting that under his obfuscations of ownership tax-free money was being made out of American ships, arrested him and laid accusations of sorts; but with one bound (and a payment of \$7m) he was free. His whalers were boarded and impounded by the Peruvian Navy, along with their German crews; this time the ransom, paid by Lloyd's, was \$2.8m. When Prince Rainier edged him out of Monaco, where he had bought the Casino and much else, he left clutching a pay-off cheque for \$10m.

All this is told against a background of fast living, controversial marriages, divorces and squabbles. In essence, the book is a blend of the financial pages of the *Financial Times* and the *Observer*. It is a book of the author's life, a book of the author's life, a book of the author's life.

Premises for dissidence

By Ernest Gellner

VALENTIN TURCHIN:
Inertia strakha
256pp. New York: Khronika Press. \$10.

This significant and moving book should be read on its own terms and not simply as a personal document. (And one hopes it will soon be translated into English.) The author, a man both of outstanding courage and great intellectual range, founded the Moscow Amnesty group; the final consequence of which act of daring or defiance was his expulsion from the Soviet Union in October 1977. Others have been less fortunate. The Western publication of this book preceded his exile.

But *Inertia strakha* (The Inertia of Fear) should not be seen simply as a commentary on the Soviet Union or as the Recollections of a Dissident, though, of course, it is both of these things as well. It is an attempt to work out a coherent philosophy, a theory of knowledge and of society, in the poignant conditions in which the author found himself. These conditions were not simply obstacles, or even merely spurs to his endeavour; they provide the terms of reference for his enterprise. He sums up his development near the end of the book: "After the death of Stalin, and especially after 1956, everyone started to discuss politics. It became possible to be active in one's social environment without major risk. I began to try to make use of these opportunities. It seemed to me that the struggle against tending to authority... for self-expression... justified a certain amount of risk. I was astonished to find that amongst the overwhelming majority of men... the level of acceptable risk (for this end) was zero."

Attempting to understand this, I began prolonged discussions... At first, these dealt exclusively with economic and political issues. But gradually I realised that the basic motives determining the commitment of men were not to be found here. A chain of argument, starting from concrete, local problems, via general socio-economic political questions, obstinately and clearly led to the basic question: what we live for? What is the meaning of life? Earlier I thought that specific semi-solutions to this question... (for my own part, I had long ago decided to devote my life to science) were quite sufficient both for the individual and society. Now I saw these to be quite inadequate. I saw that we needed general criteria for the acceptability of solutions. Naturally I do not mean formal criteria, but there are no such and never will be.

But we had no world-picture. A desert. A vacuum. The only discriminating force in this vacuum was the inertia of fear, an inertia encountered in opposition. I came to understand the necessity of a synthesis of my social views and my ideas about the meaning of life, which I had earlier thought quite distinct.

This is indeed the basic plan and inspiration of the book. It gives it a marked Cartesian quality. For Turchin, the malevolent daemon, interfering with the flow of information and ideas, was not a methodological fiction, a device for highlighting that which is questionable; he was an indisputable and all too concrete reality. Outwitting the daemon intellectually did not seem to be as difficult as identifying it with abstract subtlety and endowing it with enough subtlety to strengthen those who would otherwise supinely submit to him. It was not even so much a case of "I propose, ergo dissident sum", but "I must think and very hard, too, so as to establish the criteria which will validate the alternatives which I propose. The book is the summary of my thinking, which followed the path of my resistance."

It is interesting to observe Turchin's inner philosophical struggle, arising from his sensitivity to the force of the cognitively potent claims of positivism on the one hand, and the need for a substantive, "world picture" which can be used for prediction, on the other. In this sense, the book is a philosophical struggle, arising from his sensitivity to the force of the cognitively potent claims of positivism on the one hand, and the need for a substantive, "world picture" which can be used for prediction, on the other. In this sense, the book is a philosophical struggle, arising from his sensitivity to the force of the cognitively potent claims of positivism on the one hand, and the need for a substantive, "world picture" which can be used for prediction, on the other. 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Conning the customer

By Celina Fox

STEVEN W. NAIFEH:

Culture Making Money, Success, and the New York Art World

149pp. Princeton N.J.: Princeton University History Department. \$7.50 (paperback \$4).

Take a typical leisurely Saturday in New York and transfer it to London: a lazy perambulation round the galleries of Bond Street and its environs, chat and drinks with friends along the way before heading off in the direction of the Thameside warehouse studios for an evening of cultural hobnobbing. It does not take much imagination to see that the New York art world is different from ours: richer certainly and much bigger, exuding the sweet social vitality down through Manhattan. From the 57th Street galleries to the SoHo lofts, from the scale of its financial coup to the enormity of its scandals, modern art in New York is news in a way which induces the rich squabbles involving our critics and artists, or more occasionally our dealers and curators, to parish-pump proportions.

Steven Naifeh was a Princeton undergraduate when he started to work on his thesis in the early 1970s and, given the pace of change in New York, it is unfortunate that it seems to have taken so long to finish and publish, all the more so since Princeton has adopted a speedy, indeed slapdash method of production by photographically reducing the original typescript, complete with many misprints. Most irritating of all, the footnotes grouped together by chapter at the end of the book lack chapter headings, so the divisions have to be counted up to make any cross-reference. The university thinks *Culture Making Money* worth publishing at all, surely a little more time could have been devoted to such details.

But if one does have the patience to battle through the pale pages of IBM type, one finds that although the study lacks the journalistic immediacy and flashy insights of Tom Wolfe's *The Painted Word* (published early in 1975 in *Harper's Magazine*, evidently not in time to catch Naifeh's deadline), it does possess a certain plodding thoroughness. The author's aim is to investigate the charge that, by the late 1960s,

the art world had turned into a conspiracy between the artist and collector, aided by a "middleman" trio of museum curator, art critic, and dealer, to delude the general public and to turn a quick profit.

In order to investigate these allegations of corruption, he first examines that proliferation of words which have been written about American avant-garde painting and which inspired Wolfe's *reductio ad absurdum* that the art exists only to illustrate the text.

It is interesting to compare the treatment by Wolfe and Naifeh of the two critics who have probably been most influential in forming and propagating the theory by which the New York School is judged: Harold Rosenberg and Clement Greenberg. Naifeh carefully summarizes their intellectual background before giving a sober account of their respective philosophies as they developed through the 1950s and 1960s. Wolfe was not the first to suspect that the art suffered from over-interpretation. Understandably anxious not to fall into a pit of lurid rhetoric himself, he encapsulated their life work into a couple of precepts: "action" and "flatness", padding them out with personal observations about appearance, vocal mannerisms and so forth. The artists behaved in response to these orders, he implied, like programmed robots.

Naifeh's view is more complex. He certainly allows that the role of critics was vital to the creation of new art by the 1960s, but the partnership he believes was equal. The critics explained the work to the public and made some suggestions to the artist, who thereby gained a sense of direction, a system of ideas to challenge and inspire him. Fundamentally, the artist was influenced by his involvement in the changing economic and social situation, particularly so far as the rate of stylistic innovation and the scale of his work were concerned. More questionable is the assertion that this context altered the artist's conception of art to the extent that "when society appeared to reject his work, the vanguard artist resented to forms of art that appealed only to an initiated few, when society received his work with greater approval, the artist responded with an art that dealt with issues of a more general interest." To subordinate society at large to the critic as the main influence on the artist's work is merely to replace one simplistic theory of causality with another. Naifeh later elaborates on this statement to introduce economic and social reasons for the artists' actions like figures in a weather-box, but he is still making a peculiarly false dichotomy when he claims "the artists' philosophical viewpoints depended more on their unpopularity than their unpopular viewpoints".

Naifeh believes that "the diffusion of power in the art world produced a system of checks and balances that made it almost impossible for a single individual to establish a reputation for an artist, or, equally, to keep an artist from

advancing to the position that he deserved." This faith in the system is backed by two arguments. First, he condemns that misreading of the social history of art which presumes that there ever existed a golden age where the truly Bohemian artist was isolated from material success and vulgar popularity and where the critics, dealers and curators worked solely from disinterested motives. Second, he puts over some specific charges that have been lodged against the "middlemen" and for the most part finds them exaggerated. These men combined practical and genuinely artistic concerns, being neither entirely self-serving nor self-serving. However, such fence-side fairness owes too much to the author's dependence on second-hand information and the hidden thickets of the libel law to be entirely convincing. Disappointingly, the most controversial allegations are often made by names which are "withheld by request".

Finally, Naifeh deals with the audience: the increasing number of people who visit museums and galleries and that more exclusive group of collectors, frequently condemned as ignorant status-seekers, who think only in terms of fashionable fads or investment potential. Again, Naifeh is willing to concede that different motives have always existed for the collecting of art but none of them precluded "a sincere love for the works themselves". It takes a heavy-handed, heavy-handed tone to set up the pretensions of the chic and their determination to set themselves apart from the bourgeoisie, to "mystify the mob". In contrast, Naifeh carefully scrutinizes those surveys which have recorded the size and motives of the mob that feeds eagerly on the crumbs dropped by the cultural in the public galleries.

But one vital element in this account is missing. America spends more on the arts than the rest of the world combined and the bulk of that money comes from private industry. At best it sponsors the democratic pretensions of the arts; at worst it encourages speculation and inflated prices. The financial stakes in modern art supports galleries, exhibitions and donations to museums. Yet there is barely a mention in the book of the fiscal system which encourages this generosity. If business pulled out, the whole of the New York art world would collapse and with it, given the lack of critical consensus and settled reputations today, the exaggerated claims that have been made for its importance.

W. B. Honey's *Old English Porcelain: A Handbook for Collectors*, which first appeared in 1928, remains a standard work; for the new third edition it has been thoroughly revised by Franklin A. Barrett (440pp. Faber, £13).

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PAPERBACK

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Paul Ricoeur
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20 Bloomsbury Square WC1



"What does it mean? I'll tell you what it means. It means they're loaded." One of many cartoons, many originally drawn for the New Yorker, in introducing William Hamilton (*Wildwood House*, £2.50).

Restoring the image

In most museums scientific departments are still like the National Gallery's before 1949—a one-man affair allocated cupboard space under the stairs. How much more developed the National Gallery has become is shown by the emergence of an annual *National Gallery Technical Bulletin* (National Gallery Publications Department, £2), the first number of which has important developments to report, most notably perhaps the layout and available technology of the new laboratory in the northern extension which was opened in 1975. The bulletin is written by members of the Scientific and Conservation Departments and although the technical language—as in papers on the investigation of lake pigments and on the analysis of paint, modicum—may leave lay readers breathless, it is intended for them no less than for the specialist.

The bulletin will be rewarded for its patience with the more technical essays by sensitive and absorbing surveys of the restoration of the panels from Sassetti's *Sansepolcro altarpiece*, of a "Virgin and Child with the Young St John" by Perugino and of two panels by the fifteenth-century Netherlandish painter known as the Master of St Gilles. In these essays the value of scientific investigation of paintings is made clear. Aspects of technique, the nature of earlier and less sympathetic attempts at restoration, and the relationship between the present condition of the panel and its original appearance are revealed by scientific examination. Sassetti's proclivity for laying on coloured glazes over gold and silver leaf, the

re-emergence of Perugino's original composition from beneath old paints, and the richly layered structure of the paint surface of the panels by the Master of St Gilles are lucidly described. The pigment analyses (most of which are reproduced in colour) of the panels by Sassetti and the Master of St Gilles complement one another by pointing up the differences in technique between the two schools. Science becomes a valuable adjunct of connoisseurship, and the scientific examination of pictures comes to have the morbid fascination of forensic medicine and becomes a matter of immediate relevance to the appreciation of paintings.

Important statements of principle are also contained in these articles about the role of scientific and conservation departments in the restoration of paintings. The bulletin is a most welcome addition to the literature of the subject.

My first association to this period is to liken it to some kind of Jacobean drama of lesbian betrayal and murder; here is a plot for *Queens Beware Queens*, a collaboration by Middleton, Webster and Ford. But a moment's thought shows you that such behaviour is only possible among creatures governed by a very strict system of olfactory reflexes. However, a dash of the incredible from going to the other extreme of mechanism. The insect world will always have its surprises. Ants, I believe, are still suspected of playing a role in the social structure of the colony. Harold Oldroyd, who referred to the Lesser House Fly, *Fannia canicularis*, as "to be seen... playing like in the ring under a hanging lamp". But the important thing was you go to the ant to stick to the facts. This you can rely on M. V. Brian to do.

Dr Brian is the foremost authority on British ants and his monograph on them is a credit to the excellent *New Naturalist* series, in which it appears. Much of his text is based on his own investigations. His writing is lucid, on the dry side. He rarely hazards a metaphor and any hint of anthropomorphism is alien to him. When describing their nests he does not compare them to a gang of labourers on the job; he gives you exact, experimentally derived figures for their house power. "Single workers of *Myrmica rubra* developed 0.8 X 10⁻⁶ horse power, and of *Formica lugubris* 3.2 X 10⁻⁶ horse power. When this [measurement] was tried for pairs of ants it proved difficult. However, in 90 per cent of cases the second ant contributed nothing at all."

Dr Brian begins with a brief survey of evolution and life history. Ants evolved from a solitary wasp-like ancestor that took to eusocial life, for which the modern wasps are in modern-day wasps. Many varieties of ant had already evolved by the Eocene period, 70 million years ago. Ant societies are active in summer, hibernating in winter. They are active and mobile, collectively known as the "ants in the air". The queen, having picked a site for the nest, casts her wings, which are a handicap for

The formic community

By Maurice Richardson

M. V. BRIAN:
Ants
223pp. Collins. £5.95.

Unless one has had a rigorous scientific training it is almost impossible to contemplate the social insects without indulging in anthropomorphism. Solomon, Aesop, La Fontaine are obvious examples, all to some extent misleading, all pleasing. A serious offender was Maeterlinck, who claimed that termites were more intelligent than men because they had found out how to digest wood and dissolve concrete and could mould the bodily form of their citizens.

An amusing example of the over-complication involved in an anthropomorphic approach is the legend of the Trumpeter Bumble-bee. This, A. D. Imms tells us, was first propounded by the Dutchman, J. G. Gort, in 1700. He maintained that every morning a bumble-bee roused the nest by sounding a reveille with its rapidly beating wings, like a bugler in the army. The legend persisted for more than 200 years until E. von Buttel-Reepen showed that the real function of the Trumpeter was the same as that observed among the hivebees: to ventilate the nest by the air-current it created.

With ants the temptation to indulge is almost overwhelming. Consider the notorious case of *Bothriomyrmex decapitatus*, which is parasitic on another species, *Tapinoma*. After fertilization the *Bothriomyrmex* queen enters the *Tapinoma* nest. The workers attack her, she crawls on to the back of the *Tapinoma* queen. By now it seems her foreign smell, masked by the *Tapinoma* smell, and, as Julian Huxley puts it, "she spreads more and more time on the back of her host, always but surely accomplishing her task of saving her head off". She is adopted by the *Tapinoma* workers who rear up a brood of slaves and the colony is converted from pure *Tapinoma* to pure *Bothriomyrmex*.

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Dr Brian begins with a brief survey of evolution and life history. Ants evolved from a solitary wasp-like ancestor that took to eusocial life, for which the modern wasps are in modern-day wasps. Many varieties of ant had already evolved by the Eocene period, 70 million years ago. Ant societies are active in summer, hibernating in winter. They are active and mobile, collectively known as the "ants in the air". The queen, having picked a site for the nest, casts her wings, which are a handicap for

earth-dwelling, digs a cell in soil or wood, and lays the eggs. The first larvae may eat some of the eggs.

The first ants to metamorphose are small, relatively simple, wingless worker-females. They relieve the queen of the care and defence of the brood and enlarge the nest and bring in food. Larger workers appear later. The queen needs to be fertilized only once and the sperm, enough to last for the rest of her life, are contained in a purse-like apparatus of which she controls the sphincters. She is also able to control, in ways some of which are still unknown, the various castes of workers, queens and males into which eggs and larvae will develop.

Further, if somewhat irrelevant, complexity may be caused by the presence of other insects of gynaecomorphs, deformities that may be due to some abnormality of fertilization. In some of these one half is male and winged, the other half worker; in others one half is a queen, the other half a worker. Variations among worker ants the most extreme are the Honey-pots, found among *Brachygastra*, *Pentaplepis* and *Myrmecocystus*. These happy Bessie Bunters develop enormous, digestible stomachs and turn into living storage jars. They hang upside down from the roof of the nest and their fellow workers feed them by regurgitation.

The males, though they do not perish from total castration like the male bees and may copulate more than once, do not long survive the nuptial flight. Often on landing they are set upon by workers of their own species. Among some of the termites—more primitive insects related to the cockroaches—the male is forced to lead a monogamous life in a dark cell, repeatedly fertilizing the same queen. Perhaps some of the Duke of Edinburgh's prejudices against all forms of collectivism is now more understandable.

There are more than 3,000 species of ants. The most spectacular inhabit the tropics. Among them are the Driver ants of Africa, blind and insatiably ferocious, always restlessly moving on and devouring, the *Eciton* of the east world, and the so-called Parasitic ants of Central America, which carry back to their nests the pieces of green leaf they have cut out with their jaws and insert them over smaller workers to make beds for the fungus which is a staple food of the species.

But the social organization of the British ants is quite impressive enough; there are forty-seven species and four principal genera: *Myrmica*, *Lasius*, *Formica*, and *Polyergus*. *Myrmica*, a small brownish-red ant, is the most common, found in colonies of up to 3,000 workers. It is the one Dr Brian chooses for his beautifully detailed chapter on ant anatomy, one of the few chapters which allow the curious which Forel called the social structure, in which food is stored to be given to other ants.

Lasius (the common black ant) and *Formica* have no stings but can emit formic acid. *Formica* can shoot a jet to a distance of several centimetres and aim it. *Formica sanguinea*, a large red ant allied to the wood ants, raids the nest of *Myrmica* and carries off the pupae. Some are eaten but others are allowed to hatch out and co-operate with the sanguine workers. "They have", writes Dr Brian, rather astutely, "misleadingly been called slaves."

The large leggy wood ants make huge mounds of vegetable debris with galleries underneath and cracks leading to trees. *Formica rufa* is the most common of these in Britain. I remember my awe as a small boy at coming on one of these huge nest mounds on the edge of a pine wood in east Devon, resembling, with activity, its position, the great hills of the world. You could smell the sharp whiff of formic acid on the heavy August air. An encounter between two *Formica* workers making some sort of communication by antrocks and their antennae—perhaps, perhaps, to an exchange of liquid food—is an unforgettable sight. Close relations of *Formica*, inhabiting Wales and Ireland, and the Scottish Highlands, have been actively known as Dr Brian's ecological surveys. Both the *Lasius* and *Formica* genera cultivate aphids, stripping them with their antennae to make them yield

honey dew. There are some brilliant photographs, particularly one of *F. rufa* taking a drop of honeydew from an aphid.

Habits of feeding vary greatly. Dr Brian traces them with minute care. *Lasius flavus* is now known to eat seven species of myrmecophilous aphids. It also eats more of its own queens than the more aggressive and larger *Lasius niger*. All British ants fancy a mixed meat and vegetarian diet but only some species collect and store seeds.

How ants find their way has always been something of a mystery. Dr Brian tells us they use "a number of environmental cues. The principal one is undoubtedly the light pattern of the habitat; but gravity, chemical patterns, and particularly with underground ants, shape are important." The intensity of gravity is measured with special sense organs in the joints of the legs. Many species lay chemical trails from food areas to the nest. The complexity involved is shown by the fact that in *Myrmica ruginodis* the secretion from Dufour's gland has been found to contain twenty different substances.

A feature of modern myrmecology is the ingenuity required. It is not, says Dr Brian, easy to put a mark on ants. The only satisfactory method seems to be to narcotize them lightly and puncture their cuticle. Radio-isotopes can be used but only under strict surveillance.

Underground fighting can easily be studied by means of artificial plate-glass nests. Dr Brian describes a series of battles of *Siniga* versus *Joris*; *Tetramorium* against different species of *Lasius*.

L. alienus rushed into the *Tetramorium* nest, grabbed any workers they could find and sprayed them with formic acid. The *Tetramorium* workers retaliated by trying to sting the *L. alienus* in the leg. After this foray *Lasius alienus* retired and started to build barriers across their main galleries and to extend the nest away in the opposite direction. *Tetramorium* advanced to these barriers and started to dismantle them. They got through and entered the *Lasius* nest. Against *Lasius flavus*, *Tetramorium* massed in close order, plugging the entrance gap while other workers brought up soil to make a barrier. Later they counterattacked and pushed right into the *Lasius* nest. . . .

Among myrmecophiles—the various invertebrates which come inside ant-nests—the most popular of all are the caterpillar larvae of the Large Blue Butterfly. These feed on thyme and secrete a liquid which the genus *Myrmica* find quite irresistible. In return they allow the caterpillars to eat some of their own larvae. Spiders are some of the most determined ant predators. Members of the *Therididae* family sit in wait on the vegetation over the ant tracks and drop on passing workers their main paralysing them and enclosing them in silk, to be consumed later.

Ants are eaten by specialist birds, notably Green Woodpeckers, Wren-ticks, and game birds, but not by general feeders. "This," says Dr Brian, "is thought to be because the toxins inside them have an unpleasant taste." I am surprised, for as a boy I often ate ants. *Lasius*, I should think, I never dared try. *Formica*, they tasted splendid but I was too busy eating them to try them by an old man I met on Woodbury Common. He was spreading them on bread. He told me that in vagrant circles they were known as "the tramp's caviar". This is my only original contribution to myrmecology.

Among other features, of this splendid book are a complete section of distribution maps and a chapter on culture methods for the benefit of amateur ant fanciers. Some of these may already be slipped in their homes by the tiny *Pheidole* and *Monomorium* pharaohs, most notorious and best established of indoor ants. Though sensitive to cold, it is very versatile in other ways and can establish small colonies of as few as fifty workers and fifty queens in a case and crannies. Dr Brian admits—reluctantly, one feels—that there is a strong case for controlling, if not eliminating it.

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TLS Commentary

On the glottal frontier

By Anthony Burgess

Pidgin, which we have always been taught as an Oriental corruption of *business* or even *Business English*, denotes a contact dialect of mixed vocabulary and elementary syntax, whereby foreign traders or soldiers can communicate crudely with the natives. British troops on duty at the Gibraltar-Spanish frontier would point at the baskets of homegoing Spanish workers and say "Mungy?" The workers would reply "Si, mungy". The British thought it was Spanish and the Spanish thought it was English, which is sometimes the way with pidgins. To what language does *jigajig* belong?

A new *Journal of Creole Studies*, edited by Ian F. Hancock, is published by De Sikkel of Kapellen in Belgium. The magazine is dedicated to the study of the pidginization and creolization of language and of Creole societies and cultures. A creole is a sophisticated pidgin, with structures still simple but vocabulary larger, and it can serve as a mother tongue. The word *creole* derives ultimately from Portuguese *crioulo*, a negro brought up in his master's house (criar, to bring up, from Latin *creare*, create, beget), but it came to connote mixed ancestry in the West Indies, white expatriation (the Empress Josephine was properly a Creole), eventually a white language adapted to the needs of a people of negroid stock. The terms *pidgin* and *creole* interpenetrate. The speakers of Tok Pisin call their language a pidgin, but it is a mother tongue with a fixed orthography, a dictionary, a newspaper called *Wartok* (one talk, or united by speech, hence compatriot, friend), a full-fledged creole.

To those familiar with only the narrowest denotations of the term, the title of Nicole Z. Domingue's *Anglo-Creole* (Middle English, Another Creole?) will come as a shock. Briefly the argument is as follows. The English of *The Pearl* and *The Owl* and the *Nightingale* and even Chaucer is spectacularly different from the Old English of Beowulf. It does not look like a smooth development out of pre-Conquest English, as Tuscan looks like a painful transformation of Latin. The lexicon is different. Thomas Pyles says that 85 per cent of the Middle English vocabulary is of French origin. But there are Scandinavian elements as well—words like *they*, *them*, *their* and *are*, prepositions like *tilt* and *fro*, conjunctions like

though, possibly the -s ending for the third-person singular of verbs, the voiceless fricative in *father* seems to mean that English has gone to Old Norse (*fader*) and Joutsoned the Anglo-Saxon (*fader*) for this most basic of words. In other words, Middle English could get along nicely without too much Anglo-Saxon.

Then look at the revolution in structure. Modern German has not wished, or been able, to break free from the marcelbound grammar of Old German, but shortly after the Norman Conquest English was shedding noun classes, gender, personal verb endings, dual categories. It was trying to turn itself into an analytic language, something very different from the heavily synthetic Anglo-Saxon. This resulted in, or was caused by, or both, a loss of flexibility in word order—

"a likely influence of French syntax, with its SVO and Aux-Main Verb orders in all clauses" (contrast German, or Anglo-Saxon: "I have taken her to the local mead-hall"; "This is the girl whom I have taken to the local mead-hall"). Why did genders disappear? Because Norman French was presenting a different gender system from the Germanic one, and "gender categories are notoriously difficult to learn in second language learning situations". The response is to get rid of genders altogether.

Middle English, then, is a language whose sounds are Germanic but whose syntax is, though essentially Germanic, far simpler than the tongues of the grim north could decently allow. But its lexicon is mainly non-Anglo-Saxon and has a very large number of Norman



Pensive young lady with a letter—one of several drawings by Kate Greenaway in the three-day sale of children's books, drawings and juvenalia at Sotheby's, Chancery Lane, beginning on November 23. Other items of special interest include original drawings by Beatrix Potter; two rare woodblocks used for printing playing-cards c 1815-20; old board games and paintings by Walt Disney—two from Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, a painting of celluloid of Donald Duck in a red jacket, and a good deal of Mickey Mouse material. The relatively low range of estimated prices makes this sale of particular interest to the Christmas-present collector.

A spa's hidden springs

The twentieth century has so far left Bath alone. Council housing, for instance, has properly submitted to the fastidious dictates of the older Enlightenment city. The ideal of order handed down by eighteenth-century polite society is still to be felt, though both towards construction and to lavish ornamentation. One is admiring and disrespectful in turn. The frieze of compliance with an ever stricter set of rules is countered by ever nicer possibilities of disobedience. Royal Crescent is magnificent, yes, but the columns don't appear properly supported by their base, is the Circus not rather more bizarrely Druidic than classical?

Bath has kept the twentieth century at bay in other ways. The career of Pope's and Jane Austen's Bath, kept so ruthlessly polished by Beau Nash, that Godfather of Etiquette, has proved remarkably and impenetrably dazzling. But what of the plumbing, the hypocrites beneath the high social house? What of the inlets and outlets connecting the spa with the rest of the country?

New exhibition "Science and Music in Eighteenth-Century Bath" (Holburne of Monstrous Museum, Bath, until December 29) and its accompanying lecture series have brought some of these peripheries into the light. The excellent cat-

logue compiled by Anthony Turner serves as a guidebook to the Bath that is not in Pevsner, to the quirky assortment of disparate interests that was subordinated into the "best Source of Health". The noteworthy if shadowy Signor Rauzzini, for example, an Italian male soprano for whom Mozart wrote *Exultate Jubilate*, spent the last part of his life in Bath, the inspiration of Haydn's famous round "Turk was a faithful dog and not a man". And when the "sulphur controversy" raged, vested local medical interests had to defend the water's powers against scepticism from outside. The issue was shrouded in professional mystification, with appeals to modish phlogiston and the more naive evocation of the practical and the aesthetic were still exquisitely combined. New light has been shed on Bath's Philosophical Society, suggesting that the city's philosophes, while eager, were mainly dependent on the metropolis for their enthusiasms. None the less some distinguished local figures such as John Wollcott and Edmund Rack have been rescued from the historical indifference of cosmopolitan writers.

Bath was a unique arena for social intercourse of a most highly organized kind, and the exhibition suggests something of the private activities going on behind the familiar tourist facade. Even today, at the end of a tour of the baths, the regimented lady guide is independent-minded enough to recommend the waters, while personally preferring a cup of tea.

where he became organist at the fashionable Octagon Chapel. He began to develop a theoretical interest in both harmonics and astronomy, and decided to study the distant stars and nebulae at night, while playing and teaching music by day. He was joined in Bath by his sister Caroline in 1772 and the scene of the brother grinding lenses while the sister read aloud from Tom Jones. The fine craftsmanship displayed in the instruments exhibited, both scientific and musical, reminds one that, in the eighteenth century, the practical and the aesthetic were still exquisitely combined. New light has been shed on Bath's Philosophical Society, suggesting that the city's philosophes, while eager, were mainly dependent on the metropolis for their enthusiasms. None the less some distinguished local figures such as John Wollcott and Edmund Rack have been rescued from the historical indifference of cosmopolitan writers.

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TLS Commentary

Haydon the ham

By Alethea Hayter

The crowned and laurel-wreathed imperial initial glows on the wall of the stage, fades, and reappears; but now there is something wrong—the proudly confident "N" has been replaced by a squat figure, the image of a pudgy dwarf in Napoleonic disguise. This concentrated symbol, one of the imaginative projections illustrating *The Immortal Haydon*, the one-man show at the Mermaid Theatre which John Wells has based on Benjamin Robert Haydon's diaries, is a clever expression of Haydon's intricate obsessions with the personality of Napoleon and with the dwarf Tom Thumb whose rival show ruined Haydon's last exhibition and provoked his suicide. But would such a complicated allusion be clear to an audience not already familiar with Haydon's weird personality as revealed in his marvellous diaries? The rather bemused reaction of the preview audience, who laughed and gasped unpredictably, but mostly at the wrong moments, suggests that they were somewhat at sea.

The show is described as "based on the private diaries of the painter Benjamin Robert Haydon". The full diaries run to five huge volumes, so a rigorous selection was obviously necessary. John Wells has not chosen a chronological treatment; we begin with Haydon delivering a lecture on anatomy which soon breaks down into a series of flashbacks to the obsessive themes which dominated his life—his conviction of having been divinely appointed to found a great school of British historical painting, his feud with the Royal Academy, his jealousy of this successful contemporary David Wilkie, his worship of Napoleon, his passion for Caroline Norton (there the adaptation does a good deal farther than the text of Haydon's diary, though it faithfully reproduces that element of ludicrous mishap which ruined all Haydon's great efforts).

This treatment is enhanced and underlined by a handsomely cluttered set centred on a much-handled bust of Napoleon, by clever lighting, and by projections of Haydon's paintings, but it lacks a really strong pattern of development and climax. There are many fortuitous felicities such as the famous anecdote about the "immortal dinner" attended by Wordsworth, Lamb, Keats and the fatuous Controller of Stamps; but the astonishing impetus and idiosyncrasy of Haydon's diaries are not fully communicated.

Leonard Rostler, who plays the part of Haydon, has the advantage of looking quite passably like him, and of a range of voice and tone which escapes the one-man-show danger of vocal monotony (though vocal variety is sometimes inaudible in his wilder effects). He builds up an impression of the vivacity, vehemence, heavy-handed irony,

occasional pathos, and increasing persecution-mania of this outrageous, intolerable yet engaging man. But he does it with rather too much self-conscious grimacing and fidgeting about the stage, and not enough of Haydon's wholehearted élan. Haydon would never have knelt down to pray with a wine glass in his hand; he was much more likely to have thrown himself into a heroic attitude fit to be portrayed by some subsequent historical painter commemorating "Haydon Creating A New Bra In Art". Nor would he have gone so jauntily to his death; in his own mind he approached it with royal dignity, in the character of King Lear—though of course with his usual maladroitness he botched the actual suicide.

Can the diary of a whole lifetime ever be presented on the stage without either falsification or incoherence? A diary like Anne Frank's, with its restricted setting and time-scale, is a more manageable document on the stage with moving fidelity. Anecdotal reminiscences such as John Aubrey's can come across like a series of glittering mosaic-hall sketches. The records of a full-length life are more difficult to exhibit. The mosaic of Swift's writings recently presented did not, even with the incomparable aid of Alec Guinness, quite shape itself into a play. It is a formula which works better on the radio than in the theatre, where gestures and props are more likely to distract us from the text of the diary than to illuminate it. Haydon's diary needs no illustrations; he was a much better painter in words than he was on canvas. If this interesting and studious experiment in presenting Haydon on the stage persuades its audiences to turn to the text of the diaries, it has been a very worthwhile venture. Anyone who already knows and loves the diaries will find much to enjoy, though also a few annoyances, in the performance. Newcomers to the diaries will find them a little bewildered unless they do a little homework first.

The stage blacks out; a pistol shot is heard; and then through the darkness the words "The Immortal Haydon" leap out in scarlet from the backdrop. Letters of fire? Or of blood? Or just of greatness? As the lights come up, appropriate for the life and death of Benjamin Robert Haydon.

Fifty years on...

Thomas Hardy's "Yuletide in a Foreign Land", Heavy Nettle's "The Linnet's Nest", Laurence Binyon's "The Wonder Night", Walter de la Mare's "Alone", G. K. Chesterton's "Gloria in Profundis", Wilfrid Gibson's "The Early Whistler", Geoffrey Sayer's "Nativity", and "Gloria in Excelsis de Magna" were all originally published by Faber and Gwyer as "Ariel Poems" (12 each) for Christmas 1927. They were reviewed in the TLS of November 24 by Edmund Blunden:

"The characters and intention of these 'Ariel Poems' are not stated, but they are, in their general title, what makes us anticipate a contented blitheness, a lyric youngness, and a pretty caprice; it does not give the more precise information that these are the first of all poems, the six are poems on Christmas inspirations. In the harmony of that all-conquering season the merry notes of Ariel, of course, come upon the air; and these contemporary poets have written us sweet and genial verse in the main, which, however they might compare in merit or mastery with the extant wealth of our Christmas poetry, are consonant with both Ariel and Christmas."

"The poets have not permitted any modernism to obscure from us the radiant benediction which never yet, even in the most desolate years, failed our world at Christmas. Mr T. S. Eliot, for example, whose gifts were not always used to combat the shadows of life, comes forward now with a vibrant 'Journey of the Magi', supposedly narrated by one of the shepherds; and while his imagery reflects sadly the birth has disturbed his old ways and powers, he cannot suppress the glowing evidence of his

The female facts

About 1900 some pragmatic feminist published a book with the magnificent title *Electricity for Women* (seventy years later, most ladies still deny that woman's place is in the ohm. Only in happy Barbados (hereafter BAR) does the INDEX OF FEMALENESS FOR ELECTRICITY, GAS, WATER, AND SANITARY SERVICE surpass 5; elsewhere it ranges from 27 and 26 in ROM and CZE, to a deplorable 0.022 in KUW—and reference to another table gives .0002, representing a solitary Kuwait electrification.

These facts, and ten thousand others on female participation in various economic activities and educational attainments, as well as more

familiar demographic indices, come from the *Handbook of International Data on Women* (496pp, Sage Publications, £17.50) by Boulding, Nuss, Carson, and Greenstein ("we represent four human life-stages"). Four statisticians with an index of female-ness of .75.

The raw data come mostly from UN statistical yearbooks, and thus by reason of census of differing reliability, and incomparabilities of definition, to say nothing of deliberate distortion, are polluted at source; the authors try to counter this by annotating each table with massed notes of inadequacies and women's computer analysis to beat it into shape. But is the output sufficiently clear and reliable to be any help, as the dedication puts it, "to all those who will use it to improve the conditions of mankind"?

There are five obvious errors in the first table, and that's only a list of the names of countries. It cross-checks and proofreads and catches "Trinidad and Tabago" or "United Kingdom of Tanzania", what may not have slipped through in those eye-pummeling blocks of figures? The non-statistician can only look with curiosity and often incredulity at the high and low-scoring countries in the various lists. Thus the important figure of the index of female-ness in infant deaths ranges from a high of 80 per cent to a low of zero. Utopia in this context is San Marino; the abomination of backwardness is Monaco; as the rankings are based on four and five births respectively. The inclusion of such statistical whims introduces an element of farce. The next lowest figure, incidentally, is for the Philippines, where, allegedly, one-third of the population are of baby girls. But most of the figures from that country seem untrustworthy: can it be that 88 per cent of those employed in agriculture are women? But that's a little according to another index, is the occupation of only 3 per cent of the female labour force, which seems to make the Philippines the least rural state on the planet. Moreover, women land in so many of the categories that it seems as though most male Filipinos don't do anything at all.

Figures for countries one might ignorantly suppose similar are often wildly discrepant; thus we perceive the age of women participating in the labour force is 57 in Lesotho, 4 in Swaziland; the crude marriage rate is highest in Liberia at 38 per cent, but lowest at 3 per cent in newly-independent Guyana. Do the ways of life or merely their definitions differ so much? The notes do not help here. Do you wonder, scanning the "distribution index for females in singlehood", why only 1 per cent of Indonesian ladies are unwed? The notes explain that the data are "from the Second Round of the National Sample Survey excluding Djakarta City, East Nusa Tenggara, Maluku and West Irian" after which everything falls into place.

Other figures excite incredulity: who believes that the lowest infant mortalities in the world are on Tonga and the Ryukyu Islands? Or that the figure for Angola in the late 1960s was nineteen per thousand, lower than most European states? Is it really the case that in Portugal 97 per cent of all births take place in the first four years of marriage; or conversely that in Albania only one birth in a thousand takes place within a year of the wedding? Israel has the world's highest percentage of births to mothers under fifteen; could this have something to do with the fact that there are no births at all to women between fifteen and nineteen?

Most of these strange goings-on are in faraway countries of which we know nothing. But consider the fundamental table of sex ratios: everywhere in the world the index of female-ness comes within the shadow of 50 per cent, just as nature intended. Only EGY and UNK are having trouble maintaining a wholesome balance. In UNK, we are told, only one baby in five is female, and in EGY, one in two, and the TLS and Royal Mother condemned to produce endless princelings with never a baby sister; roll up that pink boyling—it's polyandry or peristalsis.

Mr Hardy alone seems to hold that the glory is departed, and yet his beautiful recollections of it will help to renew it in a willing generation. For what Sir Henry Newbolt's "Linnet's Nest", though it is not on a Christmas theme, is delicately congenial to the Christmas miracle, and Mr de la Mare's "Alone", while it hints at those solitary pains of thought so tyrannous in their turn, ends with the undying assurance: "Only love can redeem."

This truth, that delight ... Mr Hardy alone seems to hold that the glory is departed, and yet his beautiful recollections of it will help to renew it in a willing generation. For what Sir Henry Newbolt's "Linnet's Nest", though it is not on a Christmas theme, is delicately congenial to the Christmas miracle, and Mr de la Mare's "Alone", while it hints at those solitary pains of thought so tyrannous in their turn, ends with the undying assurance: "Only love can redeem."

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Edited by G. E. Aylmer and R. C. Cant

In recent decades York Minster has been more closely studied than ever before. Much new knowledge is here co-ordinated by a number of expert contributors in a book dealing not only with the Minster as a historical monument, but also with its continuing corporate life as a place of worship. It is intended to serve as a work of reference for students in many fields, and to appeal to all those interested in the heritage of Christian civilization in the West. Illustrated £9.75

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The last decade has witnessed a great deal of literary ferment in Soviet Russia, as well as a major 'third emigration' of writers to the West—including, of course, the great figure of the period, Solzhenitsyn. This new edition of Professor Slonim's comprehensive critical study will be widely welcomed. Second edition £5.95

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In the 1870s Dodge City was the most wide-open town in the American West, a depot for the Santa Fe railroad and a refuge for buffalo hunters and cowboys. Odie B. Faulk's new book, a companion to his *Tombstone*, brings to life the colourful story of Dodge City past and present. Illustrated £6.50

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Rex Bosson and Benson Varon

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Oxford University Press

To the Editor

Conservation in Libraries

Sir,—It was pleasing to see that your issue of November 18 gave so much space to the important and neglected subject of conservation of library materials. The articles by Nicholas Barker and Terry Belanger emphasize the seriousness and extent of the problem. We must recognize the long-term nature of the solutions, which is why such articles are of importance in drawing public attention to the needs in this field. Libraries are increasingly aware of their responsibilities here, but public pressure by users will perhaps enable them to give conservation the priority which it deserves. All the major libraries have horrors in this area, a fact which is well known to anyone who sees the manuscript and rare book collections of the great libraries of Britain and North America. It is to be hoped that such users, whose research depends on the continued availability of these materials, will make clear to their custodians their concern for their long-term survival in an acceptable condition.

J. P. FEATHER.
Darwin College, Cambridge.

Sir,—Critics of the UGC's Atkinson Report on the future of university libraries will have found your pages on "Libraries—the conservation crisis" (November 18) gloomy reading. Yet they might also find some encouragement in Terry Belanger's piece, "The price of preservation". What he has to say about special collections in the United States applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to overcrowded and underfunded university libraries here.

He argues "to the extent that special collections are properly housed, catalogued, serviced, exhibited, and maintained, they will

enhance the reputations of their universities and colleges. Libraries which cannot maintain such collections should give, lend, or sell them to those who can and will do so" (my italics). The Atkinson report carries no such comforting proviso.

He also states that "in many research libraries, it is estimated that the average book costs \$25 to order, check in, catalogue and shelve—\$25, that is, over and above the purchase price". He does not offer any figure for the reverse process, the weeding out recommended by Professor Atkinson, but it too must be formidable. The cost of new library premises, which the government funds prohibitively, might well be compared to such administrative costs.

WARWICK GOULD.
Department of English, Royal Holloway College, Egham, Surrey TW20 0EX.

Kywords

Sir,—I am indebted to your reviewer for his kindly notice (Commentary, November 11) of my book *The Crossworder's List Book*. As for his query about the "mysterious appearance of Ky" in the *Chambers Dictionary*, the bible of all real crossworders, as an alternative spelling for Kye, which is what they call cows north of the Tweed.

JOHN E. BROWN.
151 Kensington Road, London SE11 6SF.

'The Remembered Village'

Sir,—People who did not see my review of M. N. Srinivas's *The Remembered Village* (September 2) might think that his letter (November 11) provides evidence in support of the conventional charge that the reviewer didn't read the book.

He alleges that I have made four errors. First, he says that I represented him as visiting Stanford University whereas he was at the Centre for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, Stanford, where his notes were destroyed by fire. I wrote "ascendents set fire to his study in the Centre for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences". My "error" lay in suggesting that the Centre was in the university. I did not say that Srinivas was not in the Centre. Second, he says that I have criticized him or giving "only brief biographical details" of some villagers. He has added "of some villagers" to an observation I made about him, not the villagers. Third, I said in my review that both forward and backward to expect "an examination of the personal in Srinivas's anthropology" which I glossed in the next sentence as "disciplined intellectual introspection", and illustrated in the next by an example of "the process of thought" which I judged naive. All this has nothing to do with the book's "personal character" (whatever that means) commented on by reviewer after reviewer. Fourthly, in response to my observation that it is impossible to imagine that as a child he might have played in these streets" he says that he never said he did. My remark occurred after a comparison with Lal Behari Day and Flora Thompson and referred to the opacity of feeling expressed in the book which I then, exemplified. I have added italics to bring out what the context makes clear.

In general the remainder of Srinivas's objections can be classified under three heads: removal from context, interpolation, and failure to understand. In conclusion, I repeat that Srinivas's book has been much praised in American journals and in the Indian press, and may I regret that he is upset by one dissentient, critical voice.

DAVID POCOCK.
University of Sussex, Falmer, Brighton, Sussex.

'Churchill and the Admirals'

Sir,—I have just learnt from Admiral Cresson's review of Captain Roskill's *Churchill and the Admirals* (November 11) that Roskill "produces what he believes is a trump card in the form of a series of signals between the commander of the Norwegian campaign, Lord Cork, and Churchill—a series which he discovered as official naval historian and which he believes that Murder and his supporters have not seen". The good captain has been remiss in his homework. I refer to these signals, quote from them, comment on their significance, and cite the PRO reference to the lot: all on pages 1645 of my *From the Hardfiddles to Oran*.

ARTHUR MARDER.
Department of History, University of California, Santa Barbara, California 93106.

Cambodia

Sir,—In reply to Michael Leifer (Letters, November 4) I should like to point out that my intention in quoting J.-J. Cazaux was merely to demonstrate that Barron and Paul are simply wrong when they state in their book *Peace With Horror* that among those evacuated from Phnom Penh "virtually everybody saw the consequences of summary executions", and that their claim is disproved even by one of their own sources.

However, Cazaux is not the only foreign witness to give such evidence. Let me mention just three other reports. The first is that of Bernard Haezebrouck, a French teacher married to a Cambodian woman, who was interviewed by the French weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur* (May 1975). Contrary to many other foreigners, who were interned in the French embassy compound, Haezebrouck took part in the exodus out of Phnom Penh, and according to him the march was slow and the Khmer Rouge did not force the people ahead: his family travelled five kilometres in five days. And although being highly critical towards the evacuation, he did not report any massacres or evidence of this.

Another report is that of the New Zealanders Shane Terr and his Cambodian wife Chou Meng Tarr, published in the April and June 1977 issues of *News from Kampuchea* (PO Box 70, Waverley 2024, NSW, Australia). The Terrs, who also participated in the evacuation, summarized their very detailed account in the following five points: "1. We saw no organized executions, massacres or the results of such like. We saw about fifteen bodies in Phnom Penh, of soldiers killed during fighting. 2. There was very little intimidation of Phnom Penh's population by the revolution army. Many saw it not as an occupier, but as a liberator. 3. We can refute the claims of the liberalist media that the liberation army indulged in a mass orgy of looting and destruction. 4. The march to the countryside was slow and well organized. People who had no relatives to stay with were

put up by other villagers in the liberated areas, until they were assigned elsewhere. They were provided with food. 5. The aged and the ill were not expected to join in the march. We saw very few who were old or sick on the road. Those that we met elsewhere told us that the revolutionary organization catered for their needs."

Finally, it is worth noting that even the French priest François Ponchaud, who places the number of deaths at "one million at the least", has to admit that he himself did not see a single corpse—in spite of the fact that he was allowed to drive around Phnom Penh and its environs because he was employed as an interpreter by the Khmer Rouge (see *Cambodge année zéro*, Paris, 1977, pages 39 and 97).

As for the refugees, most of them have not seen any massacres themselves but have only heard about them. Furthermore, they are almost by definition a hostile source, and naturally tend to report what they believe their interlocutors wish to hear. This is why the early report in the *New York Times* is so much more remarkable (June 13, 1975).

It is certainly correct, as Dr Leifer points out, that many other accounts have appeared since then. I should like to mention two such reports which have not received the attention they deserve. The first is that of Peang Sopha, who arrived in Australia in April 1976. A factory worker, born in 1944, and politically apathetic, Sopha described the conditions of work as "not especially severe", and brushed aside other refugees' allegations of brutality. He admitted that from time to time uncooperative villagers disappeared, but he reported no massacres or large-scale killings. And far from being punished for having roots in the old society, he was enjoyed considerably as responsible for the foreman of an 800-man rural work team (see *The Early Phases of Liberation in North Western Cambodia: Conversations with Peang Sopha*, by D. P. Chandler, B. Kieran and M. H. Lim, 1976, Monash University, Melbourne, Australia).

Another report is that of Khoun Sakhorn, a former peasant now living in the United States, who was interviewed recently by the American scholar George Hildebrand. Sakhorn says that there had been executions of opponents of the regime, but he characterized these executions as limited largely to Lon Nol army officers or other organized opposition and as having taken place immediately after April 1975. He also emphasized that they occurred in the "confrontation zone", that is in the north-western area, not previously controlled by the revolutionary forces. Concerning the evacuation of Phnom Penh, he also witnessed, he stated, that trucks distributed rice and medicine to the people, and the people were free to join the co-operatives they passed or to move on (see the *Guardian*, March 30, 1977, 33 West 17th Street, New York).

For a convincing argument that most of the violence that did take place was concentrated to the north-west of Cambodia, I refer to Ben

Kiernan's article "Social Cohesion in Revolutionary Cambodia", in *Australian Outlook*, Canberra, Volume 30, 1976).

It is my opinion that evidence such as the above ought to be taken into account when studying the new Cambodia—and that Barron and Paul's failure to do so is a serious defect of their book.

TORDEN RETBOLL.
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Istanbul

Sir,—A. A. M. Bryer, in his admirable review of Thomas Mathews's *The Byzantine Churches of Istanbul* (November 11), asks whether one can hope for a similar dossier of the Byzantine secular monuments of Constantinople, its walls, cisterns, palaces, etc. Such a dossier is now available in R. Müller-Wiener's *Byzantine Topographie Istanbul* (Wasmuth, 1977), a mighty volume which ranks with Nash's *Rome and Travels Athens*.

R. M. HARRISON.
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References in 'Roderick Random'

Sir,—I am preparing for Oxford English Novels a critical edition of Smollett's *Roderick Random* (1748). In spite of generous and diligent help from colleagues all over Britain and the United States, I have been unable so far to trace a quotation made by a clowning actor, Rantier, at the end of Chapter XLVI (pages 275-276 of Everyman's edition). Rantier, assuming the looks, swagger, and phrase of a clown, bursts out in the following exclamation: "Hut, hut, I shall perform glorious tricks, I shall jump in mountain forests, I shall jump in the air, I shall jump in the air, I shall jump in the air." The rest of the quotation is a patchwork of tags taken from Henry IV, Part 2. Rantier is probably parodying here Theophilus Cibber's interjection of Pistol's part, "I shall jump in the air, I shall jump in the air, I shall jump in the air." Smollett, of course, may well have invented the quotation, but this is fairly unlikely. I wonder whether any of your readers could locate and identify this most elusive citation. It may also be a contemporary ad lib, which we have practically no way of tracing now.

I am also baffled by Smollett's reference in Chapter XXXVII (Everyman edition page 216; Volume 2, page 13 of the first edition) to "a battle of the Wood" during a campaign in Flanders. The battle of the Wood (August 3, 1622) took place near some woods, but so did many other battles in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Have any of your readers come across a specific reference to "the battle of the Wood" before? Could this be a reference to Bois-le-Duc (Hortegheboch in Dutch)? I would be most grateful for any suggestions.

PAUL GABRIEL BOUCE.
Sorbonne Nouvelle, 5 rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, 75006 Paris.

Among this week's contributors

NICHOLAS BARKER is the author of *Stanley Morrison*, 1972.

WILFRID BLUNT's books include *The Golden Road to Samarkand*, 1973, and *The Ark in the Park*, 1976.

C. H. CLOUGH is Senior Lecturer in Medieval History at the University of Liverpool.

JOSEPH EPSTEIN is the editor of *The American Scholar*.

GAVIN EWART's recent collections of poems include *Be My Guest*, 1975, and *No fool like an old fool*, 1976.

CELINA FOX is Assistant Education Officer at the Museum of London. EVELYN GILLEN's recent books include *The Devil in Modern Philanthropy*, 1974, and *Legitimation of Belief*, 1975.

ALICIA HAYTER's books include *A Sufi Month*, 1965, and *Opium and the Romantic Imagination*, 1968.

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE's *The Christian Marxist Dialogue and Beyond* has just been published.

ANDREW MOTION's collection of poems, *The Pleasure Steamers*, will be published next year by Carcanet Press.

EDWARD NORMAN's *Church and Society in England 1770-1970* was published last year.

BRIGHT O'TOOLE is a lecturer in English at the New University of Ulster, Coleraine.

ANTHONY QUINTON is the author of *The Nature of Things*, 1973.

MAURICE RICHARDSON's *The Exploits of Engelbrecht* is shortly to be reissued.

CHRISTOPHER RICKS's books include *Tennyson*, 1972, and *Keats and Embarrassment*, 1974.

JASPER RIMLEY's *Lord Palmerston* was published in 1970.

JOHN A. T. ROBINSON's books include *Christ, Faith and History*, 1972, and *Christ and Spirit in the New Testament*, 1973.

ALAN ROSS is the author of *Tropical Africa 1972*, and *The Top Express*, 1973.

M. J. D. RUNWICK is Professor of the History of Science at the Free University, Amsterdam.

ROGER SCRUTON is the author of *Art and Imagination*, 1975.

HUGH STON-WATSON is the author of *The Russian Empire 1801-1917*, 1967.

MICHAEL SULLIVAN's books include *The Art of China*, 1973, and *Three Perfections*, 1975.

E. S. TURNER is the author of *Anglo-Saxon Grace*, 1975.

P. J. P. WHITFIELD is the Head of the Fish Department at the Natural History Museum, London.

POETRY

Shifting for oneself

By Andrew Motion

ANNE STEVENSON:
Enough of Green
49pp. Oxford University Press.
£2.25.

Anne Stevenson prefaces her new collection with some advice on how "To Be a Poet": "Don't beg a scrap of charity or bide your time. As furniture leaves off your life, you'll love your deliverance." These are brave words, but any such didacticism—whether it refers to poetic technique or, as in this case, to a preferred *modus vivendi*—is bound to raise problems. It implies an unhealthy degree of self-consciousness and advertises intentions by which succeeding poems are likely to be too exclusively judged. Fortunately Anne Stevenson only courts these dangers to dismiss them; her decision to devote the craft of verse allows her to forget herself sufficiently, and *Enough of Green* practises what it preaches—and more—so valuably that she is able to explore the consequences of her decision to "always be alone" with generous inclusiveness.

As one might expect from the author of *Correspondences*, this transformation of dogma into poetry is enlivened by a wide range of dramatic effects. But where the drama of her earlier book was overt, here it is restrained. She has not abandoned her narrative approach so much as compressed and refined it to one of telegraphic, controlled impetuosity. Ellipsis and imperatives have replaced epistolary frankness, and the result is a nervously tense diction which relates physical detail and idea, admits abstract considerations. It is a style owing something, perhaps, to Elizabeth Bishop (of whom Anne

Stevenson has written a critical study) and like Miss Bishop she frequently adopts a manner of short-story telling in which the full natural descriptions are introduced as symbolic landscapes: "Watch the fierce, driven, hot-looking scuttling of redshanks, the beaks of the oystercatchers. Struggle and panic. Struggle and panic. Struggle and panic. Mud's rituals resume. The priest-gulls flap to the kill. Now high flocks of sandpipers, wings made of sunlight, flicker as snow flarkers, blown from those inland hills."

This poem ("The Mudlark") is set by the Tay estuary and—as do many others in the book—uses the conflict of land and sea to animate her principal concerns. The characteristic method of *Enough of Green* is to confront the harsh realities of life, acknowledge the temptation to evade them, and then discover rewards in them as well as disappointments. The finest poem in the collection, "North Sea of Carnoustie", is typical: the "northern look of the shore" seems to deny the claim of love and pleasure so thoroughly that even the oystercatchers are "doubtful of habitation". In contrast to this hostility to the sea (as in "The Mudlark"), it is "as near as we come to another world" in spite of the difficulties which she knows await her on dry land she is eventually drawn towards it, realizing that nothing can remove them and simultaneously suggesting that they are accompanied by consolations:

And now in far quarters of the horizon
lighthouses are awake, sending
invitations to the landlocked,
warnings to the experienced,
but to anyone returning from the
planet ocean,
candors in the windows of a safe
earth.
This kind of honesty recurs in her

love poems, too: "Posted", "Hotel in the City" and "Wanted" all apply Hardy's dictum that "If way to the better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst". She confesses, in fact, that she can "scarcely believe" love's power, and sees that any happiness it might provide will be terminated by the light that pursues us and knows our names. "And the daily world, with its inevitable compromises, exercises the same tyranny in the poems addressed to her children. Just as lovers can only be brief guests of the darkness", so her sons abandon her to solitariness as they grow up: "Careless, irreverent, they rise out of your stone, my stone, disappear through chinks of impassable light and noise."

But while this isolation is frequently painful, it is welcomed as a means of preserving her integrity. In the conclusion of "Temporarily in Oxford", for instance, which discusses possible ways of her burial, she stresses her need for autonomy and at the same time records the benefits of mutual affection. Deciding on Scotland rather than America (where she was brought up) she admits:

It would be handy not to have to
cross the whole Atlantic
each time I wanted to
lift up the turf
and slip in beside you.
It is this ironic tone of voice that absolutely and repeatedly renews any element of self-pity, or even excessive self-absorption, which might be suggested by so sustained an investigation of these twin themes of dependence and independence. Her final destiny, her determination to include alternative responses to any given situation, and her ability to write with a detachment which is both objective and engaging prove her a poet of acceptance. Her final destiny, on the terms she sets out in her own preface, or on any other.

Accepting the inevitable

By Gavin Ewart

IAIN CRICHTON SMITH:
In the Middle
64pp. Gollancz. £2.95.

PETER READING:
Nothing for Anyone
54pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.90.

SEAMUS DEANE:
Rumours
54pp. Dublin: Dolmen Press. £2.50.

Iain Crichton Smith is well known as a writer of poems in both English and Gaelic; he has also written novels, short stories and plays. These disciplines have helped him to produce a poetry which, as one can see from *In the Middle*, his new collection, is clear, translucent, intelligent—classical at its best, whittled down to a great simplicity. "In their brown hood / the pilgrims are crossing the land / and many will look the same / but all are different." The idea of change, which at first seems frightening but must finally be accepted, is his main theme. Time and the seasons ("The Scholar") and the seeming inevitability of life as we know it ("Evening Elegy"): "Over the bare moor the late sun is shining") are at the centre of the best poems. "Hail Mary" makes the point that religion is another world, completely other, than the world of superman.

In his generally loose-textured verse he fills in the details of that ordinary life, the outside of which Crichton Smith observes, but which is certainly one of his talents (letters by not-over-literate ladies concerning everyday events) and so is dialogue of the kind that occurs in plays: both make "The John O'Gaughan's funny way as well as a pertinent comment on love and marriage." Placed by The Glendoe, does the same for Bible-worshipping Christianity. He is also master of a narrative and descriptive style, as in "The Old Man's Story" (10 x 10 x 10) the last being the invention of a

new art form). A bitter wit marks almost all these poems. Of their kind—and there are not many poems of their kind now that George MacBride's temporarily gone out of business as a poet-experimenter—they are quite remarkably good. John Fuller, Alan Brownjohn, and Edwin Morgan are writers who might be compared. Only one poem is "Post-Dated": this is "Post-Dated", a love poem to his parents. It acquires a lot of force from the debunking that surrounds it.

Rumours is Seamus Deane's second book. The simplicity of the equivalents invoked (Government kindnesses "as good as cold, inhuman" marks it as not very sophisticated—though none the worse for that. He uses the unrhymed lyric mostly but also, not quite so successfully, the spasmatically rhymed lyric. Poems about his relationship with a father ("The Birthday Gift" for example) are some of the best. The language is apt but sometimes on the edge of rhetoric ("Little phoebic. The cold ash of your teachers' hold, no spark/On which I may breathe"). And sometimes almost over the edge ("And came into the light their honeycombs"). Poems of images are within his grasp—"The straps of slapping from let fall/Delicate icons of unkindling glass" (church bells); but sometimes he may be writing more wisely and more glibly than his experience entitles him to ("Pleat Mary and the water, the water with age") and sometimes the rhymes force archaic words on him (truth/truth). Poetic diction still lurks in the background ("Their world was as a cloud"). A "Table" about Belfast's sectarian violence, is a tale confused in the telling—the dead body of what could have been a good poem.

These are faults, but there are some faultless poems within their limits highly satisfying: "The Brothers" (rhymed monodies of childhood), "Scholar" (serene remembrances), "Scholar II" (life and life), "Signals" (a love poem), and "Watching It Come" (life and love, an excellent waltz hymn-lyric). The book, as a whole, is a very good one, on the way.



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RIDEAU HALL

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R. H. Hubbard

Forewords by His Excellency The Right Honourable Jules Léger, Governor-General of Canada and the late General Georges P. Vanier

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GILL AND MACGILLIAN

influence" occurs in Coleridge in another passage which Pater reads as "I had found" Coleridge tells us [Pater tells us],

Their finer influence from the world of the mind still receive

Traces no spot, in which the heart may read

History and prophecy . . .

"Finer" there was already provided; Pater's present remodelling is the change of "life" to "world", for Coleridge had written that

the loftiest still receive

Their finer influence from the Life within.

Pater's heart reads, and his eye traces, what he wishes to have been said; he receives Coleridge's words as "Fair ciphers of vague import", and imports into them his self, his importance.

For to Pater, "the Life within" would not do, because it did not—as the world within—does—sufficiently disjoin the higher inner world of impressions and sensations from the lower outer world of facts and data and commonness.

The critic who puts into Coleridge's mouth the words "the world within" is the critic whose mouth utters these words as his own on a matter where his heart was confident that it importantly read history and prophecy.

It makes him [Browning] pre-eminently a modern poet—a poet of the self-pondering, perfectly educated, modern world, which, having entered the century, has direct and purely external experiences, must necessarily turn for its entertainment to the world within.

The paradox or irony of the situation is that Pater can create this "world within"—the inward world of thought and feeling—only by a violation of a world without, another man's "world within" as it had become embodied—"the visible vesture and expression of that other world it sees so steadily within"—in the inter-subjective world which is the words of a poem.

But Pater will have had another objection to the "life within": his objection to life which is merely preferred to the alternative ("the refinement of the dead")—corpse-like in her refinement. Elsewhere in Coleridge, he did not need to find a substitute for "life", since the neighbouring "life" was "cruel", and "transmuted" by deathly refined it into submission:

Dim similitudes

Weaving in mortal strains, I've stolen one hour

From anxious self, life's cruel taskmaster!

Here it is not "life", then, which is the occasion for Pater's "weaving" of "mortal strains" ("the weaving of ourselves" in the conclusion to *The Renaissance*); the word of Coleridge which Pater here unweaves is "mortal strain", but "dim similitudes" and "mortal strains" are exact renderings, are what Pater is indeed weaving, rather as he felt free—or freed—because of the words "fair ciphers of vague import" Pater does not wish Coleridge to have said "mortal strain" and yet the aesthete is always tricked into insisting that what he professes is a morality larger than morality with its large M ("His morality is all sympathy", says Pater of Botticelli). I. S. Eliot said of Pater that, being primarily a moralist, he was incapable of seeing any work of art as simply as it is. And Pater was seldom more than the remodelling of the word "mortal" with his even more moral word "mortal strain" with this desire of physical beauty mingled itself early the fear of death—the fear of death intensified by the desire of beauty. Such a mingling is clear in Pater's thrilling to Browne, to whom Pater says "the viable function of death is but to refine, to detach from sight that is vulgar."

The "anxious self" has become Pater's, not Coleridge's; and Pater's anxiety is indicated by the word "anxious".

precisely those questions about a proper respect for others' selves and for their creations which Pater wished always to elude. Coleridge is pursued for his life by psychology, his anxiously refined habit of self-reflection—but does Coleridge reflect upon himself or merely reflect him?

Yet Pater's is an anxious self, never able to brush out his supreme arrogances, and always paying his respects (as in the notorious ending of "Style") to respectable concessions. He would have liked to earn his own praise of himself.

Occupied ever with himself, perfecting himself and developing his genius, he was not content, as so often happens with such natures, that the atmosphere between him and other minds should be thick and clouded; he was ever jealously refining his meaning into a form, express, clear, objective.

But what happens to the objective, to a transparent access to other minds, if it is not your meaning but theirs which you are ever jealously refining?

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—but Pater is not forgetting himself in thus speaking twice of the matter, and by the next page he is his old audacious, evasive self with the words "really the creator":

To feel strongly the charm of an old poet or moralist . . . and then to interpret that charm to convey it to others—seeming to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble ministrations, that of which for them he is really the creator—this is the way of his criticism.

The creator, not even a? The wistful note—"he seems to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble ministrations"—is a consequence of Pater's proud, self-conscious longing for Lamb's humble unselfconsciousness, and it is signalled by Pater's obsessive turn "he seems to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble ministrations, that of which for them he is really the creator—this is the way of his criticism."

That long quiet life . . . in which "his existence" (Browning) says, "had been but food for contemplation."

"I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand, and I am dead."

Pater, mild and obdurate as only a lover of the relative spirit can be, needs this turn because it is uncoercive to some middle being fiercely exclusive in substance. Most of his innumerable statements which include the *is but* or *does but* formula are cunning coercive constructions of the truth, and in particular those which announce "includes the words" in truth. "For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage." Does but?

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Pater yearns for a world in which he can be guiltlessly sure that

License again, the making free with rule, if it be indeed, as people fancy, a habit of genius, blinding aside or transforming all that opposes the liberty of beautiful production, will be but faith to one's own meaning.

But what if the thing which opposes the liberty of beautiful production is the rights of someone else's beautiful production, towards which even genius, "blinding aside or transforming all that opposes the liberty of beautiful production", may feel some inescapable responsibility? What if "faith in one's own meaning" can be achieved only by faithlessness to another's meaning? Will he find it the right to exercise his right to "blinding" (Pater), the passion for truth did not bend, or take the bent of, certain ineradicable predispositions of his nature?

The ineradicable predispositions of Pater's nature lead him to say that Coleridge could never have abandoned himself to the dream, the vision, as Wordsworth did, because the first condition of such abandonment must be an unvoiced quietness of heart; and one sentence later he quotes: "My whole life I have lived in quiet thought!" Or rather, since Wordsworth wrote: "My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought", Pater will have had reasons for wanting "pleasant" out, since his epicureanism was of the sort which finds less pleasure in contentment than in the pursuit of the painful. A whole life lived in pleasant thought would have seemed to him worse than unlikely: vulgar. But he had, too, his reasons for wanting "quiet" in. For Pater would have given anything for a "quiet life", so that he could assimilate it to those quiet lives of his: Luca della Robbia, with "a life of labour and frugality, with no adventure and no excitement except what belongs to the trial of new artistic processes"; Flaubert, and his "early quiet existence"; Wordsworth, with his "life of quietude"; and Sir Thomas Browne, with his "long quiet life". And Pater wished to assimilate all those to each other so that he might assimilate them all to himself. "The Child in the House" murmurs that "there are those who pass their days, as a matter of course, in a sort of 'going quietly';" and the Child in the House was the don in the college.

Pater speaks often of the exact; indeed, since it is the comparative form of any epithet which is more necessary to him, it is not surprising that the first sentence of *Appreciations* should say "to speak more exactly." "Exact" is a more exact osmotic "exact trial", "exact apprehension", "exact proportion", "exact manner", "exact physiognomy", "exact expression", "exact equivalence", "exact sense", "exact relation", "great exactness"—these crystallize in Pater's insistence upon an exact and exacting process: "the exactness from every sentence of a precise relief", that the writer should "scrupulously exact it, from syllable to syllable, its precise value". Again, the writer is "a lover of words for their

own sake, to whom nothing about them is unimportant, a minute and constant observer of their physiognomy". Pater asks us to be alive to "unfading minutest circumstance", to a host of minute "resemblances", to be "minutely systematic in our painstaking"; he asks us to see that art is "perfect in minute detail".

The one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do: the problem of style was there—the unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay, song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within.

But the problem for Pater was not there where it was for Flaubert; it was to combine an explicit announcement that the great writer found the one word that was absolutely proper, with an implicit assurance that the life of a critic was worth anything only if it was worth at least no less than that of an artist, and that therefore it was absolutely proper for the critic to substitute his own uniqueness for the earlier and other creation.

The essay on "Style" is therefore characterized by one of Pater's greatest unions of audacity and evasion, in the higher prudential assurance: it quotes not one single instance of that consummated style which it invokes; its only quotations are about, and not of, style; and the thing which is quoted is quoted in a way which makes it clear that it is not in any case Pater giving us, since they did not write in English, their "one word for the one thing", their "unique word, phrase, sentence".

It is the word "transcribe" which yokes Pater's re-creative mistranscriptions and his whole sense of what creation is. For the simplest way to become something else than a transcriber is to be a transcriber.

Livy, Tacitus, Michael . . . each, after his own sense, modifies—what can tell where and to what degree?—and becomes something else than a transcriber; each, as he thus modifies, passing into the domain of art proper. For just in proportion as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work fine art.

And "transcribe" is an odd term, Pater's rhetorical terms ("do but", "refine", "smooth") when he says the fine against the finer art. Giotto, . . . Masaccio, Ghirlandajo even, do but transcribe, with more or less refining, the outward images; they are transcribers, not visionary painters; they are almost impassive spectators of the action before them. But the genius of which Botticelli is the type usurps the data before it as the exponent of ideas, moods, visions of its own; in this interest it plays fast and loose with those data, rejecting some and isolating others, and always combining them anew.

The question is whether it is the same thing to "usurp the data" if the data are not the world, nature, but the specific works of particular artists. Harold Bloom, an unreconstructed re-constructing

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But the problem for Pater was not there where it was for Flaubert; it was to combine an explicit announcement that the great writer found the one word that was absolutely proper, with an implicit assurance that the life of a critic was worth anything only if it was worth at least no less than that of an artist, and that therefore it was absolutely proper for the critic to substitute his own uniqueness for the earlier and other creation.

The Europeanization of the Serbs

By Hugh Seton-Watson

MICHAEL BORO PETROVICH:
A History of Modern Serbia 1804-1918
2 volumes
731pp. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$49.50 the set.

There has long been a need for a history in English of Serbia since its liberation, based on the accumulated primary sources and secondary literature, and so presented as to be useful not only to specialists but to a wider public. Michael Boro Petrovich's effort to supply such a work deserves a warm welcome. As he says in his preface to *A History of Modern Serbia 1804-1918*, the most recent still useful work in this field was the book by Harold Temperley, published in 1917, and it was no more than "an intelligent popular introduction for the British and Americans of their little-known ally in the Great War that began in the Balkans." Arguably the best book in English is still a translation of the 1844 edition of Leopold von Ranke's study of the Serbian insurrection.

Professor Petrovich has fitted his work to a precise geographical and chronological framework. He has written a history not of the Serbs, but of the Serbian state; and apart from a brief though admirable prologue on the medieval kingdom and Ottoman rule, nothing that happened before 1804 is discussed. The book ends with the creation of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes (later known as Yugoslavia), about which he allows himself to express no views at all.

In December 1918, as he observes, "Serbia ceased to exist as a separate and independent entity", although it remained "a cultural and spiritual community that continued to be deeply aware of its historical heritage." With that judgment one must agree. After reading the two volumes through, I would like to express the hope that Professor Petrovich will some day give us his view on the coming of the Second World War, the heritage of the monarchy, and the subject infinitely complex, on which there is an abundance of clichés by Serbs and by others, most of them wrong and all incomplete; and that he will see in the expression of this hope a sincere compliment.

The strength of the book lies in its treatment of the internal political, and to a rather lesser degree social, development of the people of Serbia. The method is narrative, seldom long interrupted by argument. In the first volume the author has performed his task admirably. The story of the insurrections is well and clearly told, with its heroism and its

muddling. Its cruelties and its shame. The leading figures come to life, especially Miloš Obrenović, the outstanding person in the whole work—whether you hate him or admire him, or both. The reader is helped to understand the predicament of the leader of a subject people, seeking their welfare as well as his own enrichment and glory, making up his mind when to resist the foreign tyrant and when to bow and flatter, whom he can bribe with what and whom he must fight, how many of his own people he must betray or sacrifice if he is to achieve the attainable. It is not a pretty story, and nothing is simple. But the predicament is not particularly Balkan or particularly early-nineteenth-century. Occupied Europe knew it in the 1940s, and occupied Eastern Europe knows it still.

Another theme of the first volume is the emergence of a Europeanized bureaucratic elite, consisting at first of little more than clerks who could read and write, who were both indispensable to their masters and despised by them, but evolving in the next generations into protectors of the state. From these emerged a smaller number of men of ideas, democrats and socialists, some of whom died young, some turned into new-style

pashas (Pashic himself the obvious case), while most were reduced to a stunted, ineffective frustration. The roles of bureaucrats, merchants and intelligentsia, and the conflicts between despotic princes, constitutional oligarchs and intellectual populists are sharply defined in these pages.

In the second volume one has the impression that the author is getting a little tired from his labours. Inevitably he has to give much space to the picturesque but sordid fluctuations in the marital affairs of both Miloš and Alexander Obrenović, to the succession of constitutions, departures and returns, promises and perjuries of Serbia's first king. Interest flags, and the fascinating themes of the first volume are lost from sight. Professor Petrovich also gets bogged down in foreign policy. Admittedly this could not be left out, but there could have been less of it: what he says is sound enough, but it has often been said before, and some important points have been omitted.

It is a pity that the years from 1903 to 1914 are in clearer focus. Here the growth of new social classes, economic changes and the striking upsurge of cultural activity are well summarized. Professor Petrovich has imposed on himself make things hard for the reader. We are confronted with the movement for Yugoslav unity without having ever been told who these Yugoslavs were: not only Croats and Slovenes, but even Serbs from Bosnia. (There is a little, though not enough, about the Serbs of Vojvodina in the first volume.) It is unhelpful to the reader that Professor Petrovich just not written a history of all the Yugoslavs, or all the Serbs: as stated above, this was not what he set out to do, and what he did set out to do was well worth

doing. Even so, there should have been a more systematic attempt to introduce each group of Yugoslavs, with some reference to their inherent mentalities and political aims, as each appeared in the story. Without this, the reader must be bewildered.

This is not to say that this book has a "narrowly Serb" point of view. Not at all. The differences between the Yugoslav and Greater Serb concepts are lucidly explained, and the explanation of Pashic's attitudes is excellent—thorough and fair, with understanding and sympathy, and without any partisanship either way. Nevertheless, Pashic the man does not come to life: there can be no comparison with the author's treatment of Miloš Obrenović in the first volume. Yet Pashic was hardly a lesser figure than Miloš in the history of Serbia.

The truth perhaps is that the problems of the Serbs and the other Yugoslavs have so many blurred edges, and are so intrinsically so complex, that no framework will hold them. That Professor Petrovich tried to impose a framework, and clung grimly to it, is to his credit, and he has produced a work which deserves to be read by many for years ahead. Everyone seriously interested in the role of the Balkans in European politics, in the origins of Yugoslavia, in the problems of new states, and in "developing" societies, will find much enlightenment in his pages.

Moreover, Dr Ryder's investigation of the nature of Alfonso's government in the Kingdom of Naples involved research into that same king's administration in the Kingdom of Aragon, which he has been engaged on the volume now published since the early 1950s.

The core of Dr Ryder's book is an authoritative guide to the government of the Kingdom of Naples from Alfonso V's first regnal year there, 1435, until his death in 1458. The presentation is logical and clear, though one cannot pretend the text is unclouded by the author's own set with a backcloth that depicts the administration of the Kingdom of Naples being integrated into it. Alfonso, he is noted, was King of Aragon and of Sicily for nearly twenty years before embarking on the conquest of the Neapolitan kingdom. The drama opens with the king's training in government and with his attitude to the problems he faced in ruling the Kingdom of Naples, acquired only after some six years' fighting, and after he had made concessions to its already powerful barons. The plot slowly unfolds as a history of the nature and evolution of the machinery of government in the kingdom during the years of Alfonso's rule, first in terms of con-

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New ways for Neapolitans

By C. H. Clough

ALAN RYDER:

The Kingdom of Naples under Alfonso the Magnanimous

The Making of a Modern State

409pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £12.50.

While interest in the Italian Renaissance has broadened from an excessive concern with Florence and its state to take in other powers of the peninsula, the Kingdom of Naples has remained neglected. In the past few years, though, several scholarly monographs have centred on the region, notably George L. Horsey's two exciting volumes dealing with the artistic patronage of the Aragonese kings over the period 1433-1495. These make it clear enough that the Kingdom of Naples, even when compared with Florence or Venice, has much to offer the Renaissance historian. Alan Ryder's *The Kingdom of Naples under Alfonso the Magnanimous* confirms the importance for the history of the Renaissance of the Kingdom, as it was called, and at the same time makes it obvious why it has received less attention than it merits.

"A man has done a great deal who here in eight months does what elsewhere would be done in one." Thus in 1457 an influential secretary of Alfonso V, King of Naples, epitomized the tempo of bureaucracy in the kingdom. Anyone currently researching in the mezzogiorno, as in the rest of Italy, will feel that as far as consultation of documents is concerned bureaucracy is still deadening. Focused upon administration, as Alan Ryder's book is, its only base can be archival materials that remain from governmental institutions. In 1943, as a reprisal measure, the German army virtually obliterated the records of the Aragonese central administration, which had been in Italy. What survives are isolated examples from the various archival series, often in a fragmentary state, and sometimes too fragile for general consultation, so that one must wait for their publication in the *Fonti Aragoniche* in order to use them. Under Alfonso V, the Kingdom of Naples was part of an extensive Aragonese empire in the western Mediterranean, and after Alfonso's death some 800 registers of Neapolitan chancery were transferred to Aragon, the event this has been fortunate for their survival, but their location remote from Naples and related documents is a handicap to research.

Moreover, Dr Ryder's investigation of the nature of Alfonso's government in the Kingdom of Naples involved research into that same king's administration in the Kingdom of Aragon, which he has been engaged on the volume now published since the early 1950s. The core of Dr Ryder's book is an authoritative guide to the government of the Kingdom of Naples from Alfonso V's first regnal year there, 1435, until his death in 1458. The presentation is logical and clear, though one cannot pretend the text is unclouded by the author's own set with a backcloth that depicts the administration of the Kingdom of Naples being integrated into it. Alfonso, he is noted, was King of Aragon and of Sicily for nearly twenty years before embarking on the conquest of the Neapolitan kingdom. The drama opens with the king's training in government and with his attitude to the problems he faced in ruling the Kingdom of Naples, acquired only after some six years' fighting, and after he had made concessions to its already powerful barons. The plot slowly unfolds as a history of the nature and evolution of the machinery of government in the kingdom during the years of Alfonso's rule, first in terms of con-

stitutional government, and then more sketchily at the local level. The nature of the duties of every functionary is defined, with detailed examples which illustrated how specific individuals performed their duties; there is no difference between theory and practice in government. In the final act Dr Ryder provides the context of the kingdom in the subtitle "The Making of a Modern State". The Kingdom of Aragon was more sophisticated, administratively speaking, than the Kingdom of Naples, and Alfonso was able to use capable bureaucrats—administrators in the modern sense—in which the Kingdom of Aragon, thus Alfonso could overcome the difficulties that attend a wreck the plans of revolutionaries who have won an initial victory, with the Medici in exile in 1494, for example, the supporters in Florence of the so-called Savonarola constitution found it virtually impossible to find administrators who were not trained to think along lines dictated by Medici policy. In emergencies, too, Alfonso could draw on the treasury of the Kingdom of Aragon to meet pressing needs for money in his Kingdom of Naples. However, after Alfonso's death his son Ferdinand, who inherited only the Kingdom of Naples, was unable to utilize the resources of Aragon, and soon was faced with a brutal revolt. Alfonso's key innovation had been to abandon the medieval system, and he had sought instead to convert the Neapolitan nobles into condottieri, whose military recruitment was controlled by the needs of the crown. In order to pay the condottieri, a new fiscal system had been devised, which was modelled on the machinery that operated in Aragon. In short, Alfonso V anticipated what is now generally termed the Tudor revolution in government, if by a different method from that of Henry VII.

The performance, however, ends in an atmosphere of impending doom. Alfonso, the hero, had his weaknesses, leaving his family and illegitimate, on the one hand, and the Kingdom of Naples, this too was placed in an impossible situation. Revolt against his government seemed inevitable and thus all that Alfonso had achieved was to be undone. It is here that the saga ends. If, as Dr Ryder argues, Alfonso really appreciated what he was doing, would he not have ensured that the Aragonese confederation passed entire of single heir? One may hope in some future study.

Alfonso's reign is placed in historical context. Dr Ryder will elucidate this point. Meanwhile, the present work is at once original and stimulating. An extensive bibliography, two maps, and a comprehensive index, further enhance the value of the book. It is a pity that Dr Ryder will remain the standard work in its field.

The *Fall of Eagles*, which is fluent and readable, will give pleasure to all who are not antagonized by Mr Sulzberger's errors and style. It contains 140 illustrations and maps. Most of the portraits and photographs are well known, but some of them are not, and the cartoons are particularly interesting. All of them are well

Dynasties in decline

By Jasper Ridley

C. L. SULZBERGER:

The Fall of Eagles

408pp. Hodder and Stoughton, £9.95.

Fall of Eagles was the title of a recent television series dealing with the last decades of the three imperial dynasties of Russia, Austria and Germany, which were destroyed in the First World War. It is unlikely to be a coincidence that C. L. Sulzberger and his publishers have adopted the same title for this book, which deals broadly with the same theme, though Mr Sulzberger did not write any of the scripts for the television series and does not appear to have been connected with it in any way.

This grouping together of the Habsburg, Romanov and Hohenzollern empires is a little arbitrary. In 1917 the Habsburgs had ruled the Austrian Empire for nearly 500 years, and the Romanovs had been Russian Tsars for 300 years. The Hohenzollern empire had only come into existence forty-six years before, and although their Kingdom of Prussia had held a pre-eminent status since the eighteenth century, it was only since the days of Dis-

manck that they had equalled Austria and Russia in power and influence. The Austrians and Russians empires had been much more suitably compared to the Turkish. All three were ruled by ancient and decadent dynasties whose collapse had been predicted by diplomats and political commentators since the middle of the nineteenth century. The Hohenzollern empire was formed; all three managed to survive for another seventy years, and only fell in the First World War. Hohenzollern Germany, on the other hand, was modern, forward-looking and industrially and militarily efficient. The German revolution was the result of military defeat and intolerable short-term conditions, not the long-delayed culmination of liberal and nationalist pressures which had been expected for nearly a century.

Mr Sulzberger is described as a "world-renowned diplomatic correspondent and historian", but this is a journalist's book, not a historian's. Unlike the television series, which maintained a surprisingly high standard of historical accuracy, Mr Sulzberger's book contains many errors of fact. The most serious is perhaps his confusing of Ivan the Terrible's son Tsar Theodore I, with his cousin Theodore Romanov, Patriarch of Moscow, the father of the first Romanov ruler, but students of English constitutional history may be more surprised at his state-

ment that the House of Hanover succeeded to the Crown of England, not by virtue of the Act of Settlement, but because Queen Anne resided her right to pass on the succession before her coronation. Such errors are less annoying than Mr Sulzberger's inability to resist the temptation to use vivid phrases which contain only half-truths and are sometimes misleading. Thus he writes that in the nineteenth century the "Viennese" became a nationality of their own, consisting of "boastful men" and "flashing-eyed women". Karl Marx is described as "a solemn bearded Protestant from the Russian Rhine land, whose father was a converted Jew".

It is unfair to say that Frederick the Great read Machiavelli as a young man and only understood just enough to follow Machiavelli's precept by ignoring morality in international affairs, when in fact Frederick wrote a book, *Anti-Machiavelli*, in which he carefully analysed *The Prince* and attacked the immorality of Machiavelli's doctrines. The account of Bismarck's fall from power makes no reference at all to his disagreement with the new Kaiser about the renewal of the anti-Socialist laws. It is unfortunate to refer repeatedly to the Emperor Charles V as "Karl (Charles) V" in view of the fact that the Emperor was King Carlos I in Spain. Mr Sulzberger's survey of

all the reigning dynasties which have adopted the eagle as their emblem includes mention of Tartar tribes and the fifteenth-century Albanian Scanderbeg, but not the most famous user of the symbol, Napoleon. For the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, when political writers referred to "the eagle", they meant Bonaparte France.

Mr Sulzberger writes at some length about his conversations with several of the living descendants of the fallen imperial families—with Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, his wife Princess Olga, a Romanov by descent, the Archduke Otto of Austria, and Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia. These are some of the most valuable passages in a book that contains very little new material. It is interesting to know the opinions of modern-minded Romanovs, Habsburgs and Hohenzollerns on the virtues and failings of their parents, grandparents and cousins.

The Fall of Eagles, which is fluent and readable, will give pleasure to all who are not antagonized by Mr Sulzberger's errors and style. It contains 140 illustrations and maps. Most of the portraits and photographs are well known, but some of them are not

